

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON

WITH

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

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GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, was born on August 6th, 1809, at Somersby in Lincolnshire, a village of which his father was rector. The wild scenery surrounding his home, and the fen some miles away with its "level waste" and stagnant waters where "the clustered marish mosses crept," and the sea as it appears on the Lincolnshire coast with "league-long rollers" and "table-shore" he has often pictured in his poems.¹

He went when seven years old to the Louth Grammar School, and after a few years returning home was educated along with his brother Charles by his father. Alfred and Charles the elder, while yet boys, published a small volume of poetry entitled "Poems by Two Brothers." In 1828 he entered the University of Cambridge, where he gained the Chancellor's Gold Medal for a poem on "Timbuctoo," and where he formed an intimate friendship with Arthur Henry Hallam (son of the historian), whose memory he has immortalised in "In Memoriam." In 1830 he published "Poems chiefly Lyrical," among which are to be found some 60 pieces that are preserved in the present issues of his poems. In 1832 another volume of his poetry appeared, and then; after an interval of ten years, "Poems by Alfred Tennyson" was published in two volumes, a book which at

¹ E.g. *Mariana*, *The Dying Swan*, *The May Queen*.

once established his reputation as a poet. His chief poems that have appeared since are "The Princess" (1847), "In Memoriam" (1850), "Maud" (1855), "The Idylls of the King" (1859), and "Enoch Arden" (1864). In 1875 Tennyson essayed the drama in his "Queen Mary," which was followed by "Harold" (1877) and by "Becket" (1884). In January of the same year he was gazetted Baron of Aldworth and Farringford, the names of his two seats in Sussex and the Isle of Wight.

The main characteristics of Tennyson's poetry may be pointed out in a few words. Perhaps his most remarkable endowment is his sense of music, his delicate ear for the subtle cadences of harmonious rhythm and melodious words, and his obedience to that law (to follow which is one of the often unconscious efforts of poetic genius) that the sound should be an echo to the sense. Several illustrations of this musical sense are pointed out in the Notes to these Selections (see pp. 74, 99, 115, 117, 119). A few more may be quoted here.

(a) Appropriate or representative rhythm.—

"Shócks, and the splintering spear, the hárd mail héwn,
Shíeld bréakings, and the clásh of bránds, the crásh," etc.

(*The Last Tournament*)

Here the pause after the first syllable of the first line represents the momentary pause and sudden recoil after an onset, while the three accented monosyllables at the end of the line seem to echo the heavy thud of repeated blows. Similarly—

"Fáll, as the crest of some slow-arching wave,
Dróps flát" (*Ib.*).

"Flúshed, stárted, met him at the doors, and there," etc.

"Shrilled, but in going mingled with dim cries"

(*The Raising of Arthur*).

Again:—"

"Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn"

(*The Princess*).

Observe the unusual number of unaccented syllables, introduced to represent the "helter-skelter hurry-scurry" flow of the streams,—a line with which may be compared

"Of some precipitous rivulet to the sea" (*Enoch Arden*),

and

"Melody on branch and melody in mid air"

(*Garette and Lynette*);

"Running too vehemently to break upon it"

(*Geraunt and Enid*),

"Then he would whistle as rapid as any lark" (*Ib.*).

(b) Representative or onomatopoetic words; alliteration.—

"The moan of doves in immemorial elms

The murmur of innumerable-bees" (*The Princess*).

"As twere a hundred throated nightingale,

The strong tempestuous treble throb'd and palpitated"

(*The Vision of Sin*).

"The long low dune and lazy plunging sea"

(*The Last Tournament*).

"And the low moan of leaden coloured seas"

(*Enoch Arden*).

"Save for some whisper of the seething seas"

(*The Passing of Arthur*).

•

"A shield

showing a shower of blood on a field noir"

(*The Last Tournament*).

"All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone

Through every hollow cave and alley lone"

(*The Lotus Eaters*, 147, 8).

"To watch the crisping ripples on the beach

And tender curving lines of creamy spray" (*Ib.* 106, 7)

(c) Alliteration is often met with in Tennyson's compound epithets ; thus we have :

'brow-bound,' 'bush-bearded ;'
 'gloomy-gladed,' 'green-glimmering ;'
 'lowly-lovely,' 'love-languid,' 'love-loyal ;'
 'million-myrtled,' 'myriad-minded ;'
 'passion-pale,' 'phantom-fair ;'
 'tenderest-touching,' 'tiny-trumpeting,' 'trouble-tost,'
 'tip tilted.'

Closely allied with this delicate perception of harmony is his almost unequalled command of form and language. As has been said of Keats, Tennyson is "a master of imagination in verbal form ; he gifts us with things so finely and magically said as to convey an imaginative impression."¹ There is indeed but little expression of passion in his writings ; and even where it does occur, as in *Maud* for instance, or in *Fatima*, or as, in one brief flash, in *Enone*, it is so softened and allayed by the spell of musical utterance, that the rising gale of violent emotion seems, as we listen, to die down into little more than a cadence of gentle melancholy. With this beauty of form goes an exactness of expression which is equally remarkable. What a rigid exclusion of all otiose epithets, of all stop-gap phrases, do we find in the poetry of Tennyson ! The right word (to adopt a common expression) is always in the right place ; every epithet finds its appropriate setting in his verse ; and what he has written of Virgil's art is equally true of his own :—

"All the charm of all the Muses
 Often flowering in a lonely word."

1 Keats, by W. M. Rossetti.

As examples of the special appropriateness and force of single words, the following phrases and passages may be noted :—

'*creamy spray*;' '*lily maid*;' 'the ripple *washing* in the reeds;' 'the wild water *lapping* on the crag' [see Notes to *Morte d' Arthur*]; 'the deep air *listened* round her;' 'the dying ebb that faintly *lipp'd* the flat red granite;' 'as the fiery Sirius . . . *bickers* into red and emerald.

Another characteristic, which, again, is a natural outcome of Tennyson's endeavour after perfection of form and appropriateness of expression, is his dislike, rising almost to abhorrence, of the commonplace. As for what is vulgar or coarse, it is altogether impossible to him. But he goes much further than this, and has cultivated a delicate taste in poetic language to such a pitch of refinement as almost to err in the other extreme, and to be in danger sometimes of sacrificing strength to elegance. Some examples of Tennyson's avoidance of the commonplace have been given in the Notes to this volume (see pp. 106, 133). A good typical instance is his substitution, in "Audley Court," of *flayflint* for the *skinflint* of common parlance, though *flayflint* occurs in Ray's Proverbs, and is no coinage of his; 'tonguester' and 'selfless' on the other hand are his invention. And this tendency is noticeable not only in isolated words but in his rendering of ideas. Thus his Prince in "The Princess" is to tell us that he was born in Northern latitudes, and this is how the poet puts the fact into his mouth :—

"On my cradle shone the Northern star."

Sometimes this tendency almost produces obscurity. Thus,

when he wants to say "before the planet Venus had sunk into the sea," he writes:—

"Before the crimson-circled star
Had fall'n into her father's grave."

As a fourth characteristic may be noted his minute and faithful observation and delineation of natural phenomena; though his nature, as has been remarked, is usually a well-ordered and well-regulated Nature not the Nature of mountains and rocks and shaggy forests, but of "tracts of pastures sunny warm" and "gardens bower'd close with plaited alleys." Out of numerous examples of this characteristic the following may be quoted:—

"Drooping chesnut-buds began
To spread into the perfect fan" (*Sir Lancelot and Guinevere*).

"The winds that make
The tender-pencill'd shadows play" (*In Mem.* 49).

"The stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples" (*Ode on Wellington*, 207).

"Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire" (*In Mem.* 83)

"Answering now my random stroke
With fruitful cloud and living stroke,
Dark yew" (*In Mem.* 39).

A fifth characteristic of Tennyson's style, and the last we shall mention here, is its purity. His diction is clear, nervous, and idiomatic, and, like Chaucer, he too is a well of English undefiled. He has a distinct fondness for good old Saxon or Scandinavian words and expressions, and has helped to rescue not a few of these from undeserved oblivion. Thus he speaks of women as being "blowzed with health" (*Princess*); in place of "blindman's buff" is found the old "hoodman blind" (*In Mem.*); for "village and-cowshed," he writes "thorpe and byre"; while, in the *Brook*, the French cricket appears as the

Saxon "grig"; other examples might be quoted, *e.g.* "dragon *boughts*," "brewis," "broach," "manchet bread," etc. Occasionally words have been deliberately taken from our English provincialisms; such are "roky," "reckling," "yaffingale."

Tennyson's sympathy with the social, scientific and religious movements of his age finds frequent expression in his writings. His views on social questions, his political tendencies and even to some extent his religious opinions and beliefs might be sketched not inadequately from his poetical works. On these matters he has spoken out with a combined frankness and tenderness which cannot fail to elicit the reader's sympathy, if not his concurrence.

As we have seen above, it is not, as with Byron, the sterner, or, as with Scott, the wilder aspects of Nature that Tennyson loves to depict; he woos her rather in her calm and disciplined moods. And the same tendency may be observed in his treatment of the intellectual phenomena of the day—in his social and political faith and teaching. In both, his ideal is a majestic order, a gradual and regular development, without rest indeed but above all without haste. Enthusiasm may be well, but self-control is better.

"Forward, forward, let us range,

Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of
change "

But at the same time,

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell."

It is true that in his latest writings, the poet's belief in the great moral evolution of mankind—in the steadfast

movement to "one far-off divine event," seems to have suffered some disturbance. The tone of calm and sober hopefulness (if his last production, "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," be not altogether as he calls it—a *dramatic monologue*) is changed to one of sadness and apprehension, as he depicts "the fears of faith in presence of a godless science, the social fears in presence of a revolution inspired by selfish greeds, the fears of art in presence of a base naturalism which only recognises the beast in man."¹ But, taken all in all, Tennyson is seldom bitter, and at any rate is always sincere; his poetry is throughout inspired by elevated thought and noble sentiment; and he too, like Wordsworth before him, will hand down to his successor the Laureate's wreath—

"Greener from the brows
Of him who uttered nothing base."

¹ Dowden's *Transcripts and Studies*, p. 204

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

WHEN the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flow'd back with me,
The forward-flowing tide of time ;
And many a sheeny summer-morn,
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old ;
True Mussulman was I and sworn,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

10

Anight my shallop, rustling thro'
The low and bloomed foliage, drove
The fragrant, glistening deeps, and clove
The citron-shadows in the blue .
By garden porches on the brim,
The costly doors hung open wide,
Gold glittering thro' lamplight dim,
And bröder'd sofas on each side :
In sooth it was a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

20

Often, where clear-stemm'd platans guard
 The outlet, did I turn away
 The boat-head down a broad canal
 From the main river sluiced, where all
 The sloping of the moon-lit sward
 Was damask-work, and deep inlay
 Of braided blooms unmown, which crept
 Adown to where the water slept, 30
 A goodly place, a goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

A motion from the river won
 Ridged the smooth level, bearing on
 My shallop thro' the star-strown calm,
 Until another night in night
 I enter'd, from the clearer light,
 Imbower'd vaults of pillar'd palm,
 Imprisoning ~~sweets~~, which, as they clomb 40
 Heavenward, were stay'd beneath the dome
 Of hollow boughs — A goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Still onward ; and the clear canal
Is rounded to as clear a lake
 From the green rivage many a fall
 Of diamond rillets musical,
 Thro' little crystal arches low
 Down from the central fountain's flow 50
 Fall'n silver-chiming, seemed to shake
 The sparkling flints beneath the prow.
 A goodly place, a goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Above thro' many a bowery turn
 A walk with vary-colour'd shells
 Wander'd engram'd. On either side
 All round about the fragrant marge
 From fluted vase, and brazen urn 60
 In order, eastern flowers large,
 Some dropping low their crimson bells
 Half-closed, and others studded wide
 • With disks and tiars, fed the time
 With odour in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Far off, and where the lemon grove
 In closest coverture upsprung,
 The living airs of middle night
 Died round the bulbul as he sung ; 70
 Not he : but something which possess'd
 The darkness of the world, delight,
 Life, anguish, death, immortal love,
 Ceasing not, mingled, unrepress'd,
 Apart from place, withholding time,
 But flattering the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Ahaschid

~~Black the garden-bowers and green~~
 Slumber'd : the solemn palms were ranged
 Above, unwoo'd of summer wind 80
 A sudden splendour from behind
 Flush'd all the leaves with rich gold-green,
 And, flowing rapidly between
 Their interspaces, counterchanged
 • The level lake with diamond-plots
 Of dark and bright. A lovely time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Dark-blue the deep sphere overhead,
 Distinct with vivid stars inlaid, 90
Grew darker from that under-flame :
 So, leaping lightly from the boat,
 With silver anchor left afloat,
 In marvel whence that glory came
 Upon me, as in sleep I sank
 In cool soft turf upon the bank,
 Entranced with that place and time,
 So worthy of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

Thence thro' the garden I was drawn— 100
 A realm of pleasure, many a mound,
 And many a shadow-chequer'd lawn
 Full of the city's stilly sound,
 And deep myrrh-thickets blowing round
 The stately cedar, tamarisks,
 Thick rosaries of scented thorn,
 Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks
 Graven with emblems of the time,
 In honour of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid 110

With dazed vision unawares
 From the long alley's latticed shade
 Emerged, I came upon the great
Pavilion of the Caliph
 Right to the carven cedarn doors,
 Flung inward over spangled floors,
 Broad-based flights of marble stairs
 Ran up with golden balustrade,
 After the fashion of the time,
 And humour of the golden prime 120
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

The fourscore windows all alight
 As with the quintessence of flame,
 A million tapers flaring bright
 From twisted silvers look'd to shame
 The hollow-vaulted dark, and stream'd
 Upon the mooned domes aloof
 In utmost Bagdat, till there seem'd
 Hundreds of crescents on the roof
 Of night new-risen, that marvellous time 130
 To celebrate the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

Then stole I up, and trancedly
 Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
 Serene with argent-hidded eyes
 Amorous, and lashes like to rays
 Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
 Tressed with redolent ebony, . . .
 In many a dark delicious curl,
 Flowing beneath her rose-hued zone , 140
 The sweetest lady of the time,
 Well worthy of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

Six columns, three on either side,
 Pure silver, underpropt a rich
 Throne of the massive ore, from which
 Down-droop'd, in many a floating fold,
 Engarlanded and diaper'd
 With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold
 Thereon, his deep eye laughter-starr'd 150
 With merriment of kingly pride,
 Sole star of all that place and time,
 I saw him—in his golden prime,
 THE GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I.

On ~~either side~~ the river lie
 Long fields of barley and of ~~rice~~
 That clothe the wold and meet the sky ;
 And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-tower'd Camelot ;
 And up and down the people go,
 Gazing where the lilies blow
 Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
 Little breezes dusk and shiver
 ~Thro' the wave that runs for ever
 By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot
 Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
 And the silent isle imbowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
 Slide the heavy barges trail'd.
 By slow horses ; and unhail'd
 The shallop fitteth silken-sail'd
 Skimming down to Camelot :
 But who hath seen her wave her hand ?
 Or at the casement seen her stand ?
 Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott ?

10

20

Only reapers, reaping early
 In among the bearded barley,
 Hear a song that echoes cheerly
 30 From the river winding clearly,
 Down to tower'd Camelot .
 And by the moon the reaper weary,
 Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
 Listening, whispers 'Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott.'

PART II

THERE she weaves by night and day
 A magic web with colours gay.
 She has heard a whisper say,
 40 A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot
 She knows not what the curse may be,
 And so she weaveth steadily,
 And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
 That hangs before her all the year,
~~Shadows~~ of the world appear
 There she sees the highway near
 50 Winding down to Camelot
 There the river eddy whirls,
 And there the surly village-churls,
 And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
 An abbot on an ambling pad,
 Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
 Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot ;

And sometimes thro' the mirror blue 60
 The knights come riding two and two :
 She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
 To weave the mirror's magic sights,
 For often thro' the silent nights
 A funeral, with plumes and lights
 And music, went to Camelot
 Or when the moon was overhead,
 Came two young lovers lately wed ; 70
 'I am half sick of shadows,' said
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A bow-shot from her bower eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
 The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
 And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.
 A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
 To a lady in his shield,
 That sparkled on the yellow field, 80
 Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
 Like to some branch of stars we see
 Hung in the golden Galaxy
 The bridle bells rang merrily
 As he rode down to Camelot .
 And from his blazon'd harness slung
 A mighty silver bugle hung,
 And as he rode his armour rung,
 Beside remote Shalott. 90

All in the blue unclouded weather
 Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
 The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,

As he rode down to Camelot :
 As often thro' the purple night,
 Below the starry clusters bright,
 Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
 Moves over still Shalott

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd , 100
 On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode ;
 From underneath his helmet flow'd
 His coal-black curls as on he rode,

As he rode down to Camelot
 From the bank and from the river
 He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
 'Tirra hrira,' by the river
 Sang Sir Lancelot

She left the web, she left the loom,
 She made three paces thro' the room, 110
 She saw the water-lily bloom,
 She saw the helmet and the plume,

She look'd down to Camelot.
 Out flew the web and floated wide ,
 The mirror crack'd from side to side ,
 'The curse is come upon me,' cried
 The Lady of Shalott

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
 The pale yellow woods were waning,
 The broad stream in his banks complaining, 120
 Heavily the low sky raining
 Over tower'd Camelot ;

Down she came and found a boat
 Beneath a willow left afloat,
 And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott

And down the river's dim expanse
 Like some bold seer in a trance,
 Seeing all his own mischance—
 With a glassy countenance 130
 Did she look to Camelot
 And at the closing of the day
 She loosed the chain, and down she lay,
 The broad stream bore her far away,
 The Lady of Shalott

Lying, robed in snowy white
 That loosely flew to left and right—
 The leaves upon her falling light—
 Thro' the noises of the night
 She floated down to Camelot 140
 And as the boat head wound along
 The willowy hills and fields among,
 They heard her singing her last song,
 The Lady of Shalott

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
 Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
 Till her blood was frozen slowly,
 And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
 Turn'd to tower'd Camelot
 For ere she reached upon the tide 150
 The first house by the water side,
 Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott

Under tower and balcony,
 By garden-wall and gallery,

A gleaming shape she floated by,
 Dead-pale between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.
 Out upon the wharfs they came,
 Knight and burgher, lord and dame, 160
 And round the prow they read her name,
 The Lady of Shalott

Who is this ? and what is here ?
 And in the lighted palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer ;
 And they crossed themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot
 But Lancelot mused a little space ;
 He said, ' She has a lovely face ;
 God in his mercy lend her grace, 170
 The Lady of Shalott.'

GENONE

THERE lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
 Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
 The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
 Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
 And lingers, slowly drawn. On either hand
 The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
 Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
 The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine
 In cataract after cataract to the sea.
 Behind the valley topmost Gargæus 180
 Stands up and takes the morning : but in front

The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon
Mournful CEnone, wandering forlorn
Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.
Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck
Floated her hair or seem'd to float in rest.
She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,
Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shade
Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff. 20

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
For now the noonday quiet holds the hill :
The grasshopper is silent in the grass :
The lizard, with his shadow on the stone, -
Rests like a shadow, and the winds are dead
The purple flower droops the golden bee
Is lily-cradled - I alone awake
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love, 30
My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
And I am all aweary of my life.

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Hear me, O Earth, hear me, O Hills, O Caves
~~That house~~ the cold crown'd snake ! O mountain brooks,
I am the daughter of a River-God,
Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed, 40
A cloud that gather'd shape - for it may be
That, while I speak of it, a little while
My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 I waited underneath the dawning hills,
 Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
 And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine
 Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
 Leading a jet-black goat white-horn'd, white-hooved,
 Came up from reedy Simois all alone. 51

'O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 Far-off the torrent call'd me from the cleft
 Far up the solitary morning smote
 The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt eyes
 I sat alone white-breasted like a star
 Fronting the dawn he moved; a leopard skin
 Droop'd from his shoulder, but his sunny hair
 Cluster'd about his temples like a God's :
 And his cheek brighten'd as the foam-bow brightens
 When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart 61
 Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die
 He smiled, and opening out his milk-white palm
 Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,
 That smelt ambrosially, and while I look'd
 And lister'd, the full-flowing river of speech
 Came down upon my heart.
 "My own Cenone,
 Beautiful-brow'd Cenone, my own soul,
 Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind ingrav'd 70
 'For the most fair,' would seem to award it thine,
 As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt
 The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace
 Of movement, and the charm of married brows."

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 He prest the blossom of his lips to mine,

And added "This was cast upon the board,
 When all the full faced presence of the God
 Ranged in the halls of Peleus, whereupon
 Rose feud, with question unto whom 'twere due 80
But light foot Iris brought it yester eve,
 Delivering, that to me, by common voice
 Elected umpire, Here comes to day,
 Pallas and Aphrodite, claming each
 This meed of fairest Thou, within the cave
 Behind you whispering tuft of oldest pine,
 Mayst well behold them unbeheld, unheard
 Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods "

' Dear mother Ida harken ere I die
 It was the deep midnoon one silver cloud 90
 Had lost his way between the piney sides
 Of this long glen Then to the bower they came,
 Naked they came to that smooth swirled bow, and
 And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
 Violet, amaracus, and asphodel
 Lotos and lilies and a wind arose,
 And overheard the wandering ivy and vine,
 This way and that, in many a wild festoon
Ran not, gailynding the gnarled boughs
 With bunch and berry and flower thro and thro 100

' O mother Ida, harken ere I die
 On the tree tops a crested peacock lit,
 And o'er him flow'd a golden cloud, and lean'd
 Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew
 Then first I heard the voice of her, to whom
 Coming thro' Heaven, like a light that grows
 Larger and clearer, with one mind the Gods
 Rise up for reverence She to Paris made
Proffer of royal power, ample rule
 Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue 110
 Wherewith to embellish state, ' from many a vale

And river-sunder'd champaign clothed with corn,
 Or labour'd mine undrainable of ore
 Honour," she said, "and homage, tax and toll,
 From many an inland town and haven large,
 Mast-throng'd beneath her shadowing citadel
 In glassy bays among her tallest towers "

' O mother Ida, harken ere I die
 Still she spake on and still she spake of power,
 " Which in all action is the end of all ; 120
 Power fitted to the season ; wisdom-bred
 And throned of wisdom—from all neighbour crowns
 Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand
 Fail from the sceptre-staff Such boon from me,
 From me, Heaven's Queen, Paris, to thee king-born,
 A shepherd all thy life but yet king-born,
 Should come most welcome, seeing men, in power
 Only, are likest gods, who have attain'd
 Rest in a happy place and quiet seats
 Above the thunder, with undying bliss 130
 In knowledge of their own supremacy '

' Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die
 She ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit
 Out at arm's-length, so much the thought of power
 Flatter'd his spirit ; but Pallas where she stood
 Somewhat apart, her clear and bared limbs
 O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed spear
 Upon her pearly shoulder, leaning cold
 The while, above, her full and earnest eye
 O'er her snow-cold breast and angry cheek 140
 Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply

" Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
 These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
 Yet not for power (power of herself
 Would come uncall'd for) but to live by law,

Acting the law we live by without fear ;
 And, because right is right, to follow right
 Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence "

' Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die
 Again she said : " I woo thee not with gifts 150
Sequel of guerdon could not alter me
 To fairer Judge thou me by what I am,
 So shalt thou find me fairest.

Yet, indeed,
 If gazing on divinity disrobed
 Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of fair,
 Unbias'd by self-profit, oh ! rest thee sure
 That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee,
 So that my vigour, wedded to thy blood,
 Shall strike within thy pulses, like a God's,
 To push thee forward thro' a life of shocks, 160
 Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow
 Sinew'd with action, and the full-grown will,
 Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,
 Commensure perfect freedom "

' Here she ceased,
 And Paris ponder'd, and I cried, " O Paris,
 Give it to Pallas ! " but he heard me not,
 Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me !

' O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Idalian Aphrodite beautiful, 170
 Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells,
 With rosy slender fingers backward drew
 ' From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair
 ' Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
 And shoulder from the violets her light foot
 Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded form
 Between the shadows of the vine-bunches
 Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 With a subtle smile in her mild eyes,
 The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh - 180
 Half-whisper'd in his ear, "I promise thee
 The fairest and most loving wife in Greece"
 She spoke and, nigh'd. I shut my sight for fear:
 But when I look'd, Paris had raised his arm,
 And I beheld great Herè's angry eyes,
 As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
 And I was left alone within the bower;
 And from that time to this I am alone,
 And I shall be alone until I die. 190

'Yet, mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 Fairest—why fairest wife? am I not fair?
 My love hath told me so a thousand times
 Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
 When I past by, a wild and wanton pard,
 Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail
 Crouch'd fawning in the weed Most loving is she?
 Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms
 Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest
 Close, close to thine in that quick-falling dew 200
 Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn rains
 Flash in the pools of whirling Simois.

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
 They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
 My tall dark pines, that plumed the craggy ledge
 High over the blue gorge, and all between
 The snowy peak and snow-white cataract
 Foster'd the callow eaglet—from beneath
 Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn
 The panther's roar came muffled, while I sat 210
 Low in the valley. Never, never more
 Shall lone Cenone see the morning just
 Sweep thro' them; never see them overlaid

With narrow moon-lit ships of silver cloud,
Between the loud ~~stream~~ and the trembling stars.

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I wish that somewhere in the ruin'd folds,
Among the fragments tumbled from the glens,
Or the dry thickets, I could meet with her
The Abominable, that uninvited came 220
Into the fair Pele'an banquet-hall,
And cast the golden fruit upon the board,
And bred this change ; that I might speak my mind,
And tell her to her face how much I hate
Her presence, hated both of Gods and men.

'O mother, hear me yet before I die
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,
In this green valley, under this green hill,
Ev'n on this hand, and sitting on this stone ?
Seal'd it with kisses ? water'd it with tears ? 230
O happy tears, and how unlike to these !
O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face ?
O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight ?
O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,
There are enough unhappy on this earth,
Pass by the happy souls, that love to live
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.
Thou ~~weight~~ heavy on the heart within,
Weigh heavy on my eyelids : let me die.' 240

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts
Do shape themselves within me, more and more,
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,
Like ~~footsteps~~ upon wool. I dimly see
My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother

Conjectures of the features of her child
 Ere it is born : her child !—a shudder comes
 Across me : never child be born of me, 250
 Unblest, to vex me with his father's eyes !

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
 Hear me, O earth I will not die alone,
 Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me
 Walking the cold and starless road of Death
 Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
 With the Greek woman. I will rise and go
 Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
 Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
 A fire dances before her, and a sound 260
 Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
 What this may be I know not, but I know
 That, wheresoe'er I am by night and day,
 All earth and air seem only burning fire'

THE LOTOS-EATERS.

'COURAGE' he said, and pointed toward the land,
 'This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon'
 In the afternoon they came unto a land
 In which it seemed always afternoon.
 All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
 Breathing like one that hath a weary dream
 Full-faced above the valley stood the moon ;
 And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
 Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams ! some, like a downward smoke, 10
 Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go ;

And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
 They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
 From the inner land far off, three mountain-tops,
 Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
 Stood sunset-flush'd ; and, dew'd with showery drops,
 Up clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
 In the red West thro' mountain clefts the dale 20
 Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
 Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
 And meadow, set with slender galin-gale ;
 A land where all things always seemed the same
 And round about the keel with faces pale,
 Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
 The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
 Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
 To each, but whoso did receive of them, 30
 And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
 Far-far-away ~~did seem to mourn and rave~~
 On alien shores, and if his fellow spake,
 His voice was thin, as voices from the grave,
 And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
 And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
 Between the sun and moon upon the shore ;
 And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
 Of child, and wife, and slave ; but evermore 40
 Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
 Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
 Then some one said, ' We will return no more ;'
 And all at once they sang, ' Our island home
 Is far beyond the wave ; we will no longer roam.'

CHORIC SONG.

I.

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls
 Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
 Or night-dews on still waters between walls
 Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass,
 Music that gentler on the spirit lies, 50
 Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes,
 Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies
 Here are cool mosses deep,
 And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
 And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
 And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

II.

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
 And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
 While all things else have rest from weariness?
 All things have rest why should we toil alone, 60
 We only toil, who are the first of things,
 And make perpetual moan,
 Still from one sorrow to another thrown
 Nor ever fold our wings,
 And cease from wanderings,
 Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
 Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
 'There is no joy but calm.'
 Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

III.

Lo! in the middle of the wood, 70
 The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud

With winds upon the branch, and there
 Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
 Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
 Nightly dew-fed ; and turning yellow
 Falls, and floats adown the air.
 Lo ! sweeten'd with the summer light,
 The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
 Drops in a silent autumn night.
 All its allotted length of days,
 The flower ripens in its place,
 Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
 Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

80

IV.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
 Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
 Death is the end of life , ah, why
 Should life all labour be ?
 Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
 And in a little while our lips are dumb.
 Let us alone. What is it that will last ?
 All things are taken from us, and become
 Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
 Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
 To war with evil ? Is there any peace
 In ever climbing up the climbing wave ?
 All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
 In silence ; ripen, fall and cease :
 Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

90

V.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
 With half-shut eyes ever to seem
 Falling asleep in a half-dream !
 To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
 Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height ;

100

To hear each other's whisper'd speech ;
 Eating the Lotos day by day,
 To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
 And tender curving lines of creamy spray ;
 To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
 To the influence of mild-minded melancholy ;
 To muse and brood and live again in memory, 110
 With those old faces of our infancy
 Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
 Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass !

VI.

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
 And dear the last embraces of our wives
 And their warm tears . but all hath suffer'd change
 For surely now our household hearths are cold
 Our sons inherit us our looks are strange .
 And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
 Or else the island princes over-bold
 Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
 Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
 And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
 Is there confusion in the little isle ?
 Let what is broken so remain
 The Gods are hard to reconcile ,
 'Tis hard to settle order once again
 There is confusion worse than death,
 Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
 Long labour unto aged breath,
 Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars
 And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

VII.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
 How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
 With half-dropt eyelid still,

Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
 To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
 His waters from the purple hill—
 To hear the dewy echoes calling
 From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine— 140
 To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
 Thro' many a wov'n ~~acanthus~~-wreath divine !
 Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
 Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

VIII.

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak
 The Lotos blows by every winding creek
 All day the wind breathes low with mellow tone :
 Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
 Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotus-dust is
 blown.
 We have had enough of action, and of motion we, 150
 Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was
 seething free,
 Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in
 the sea.
 Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
 In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
 On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind
 For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
 Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd
 Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world :
 Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
 Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and
 fiery sands, 160
 Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and
 praying hands
 But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song
 Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,

Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong ;
 Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soul,
 Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
 Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil ;
 Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—down
 in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
 Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel. 170
 Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
 Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar ;
 Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN

I READ, before my eyelids dropt their shade,
 'The Legend of Good Women,' long ago
 Sung by the morning star of song, who made
 His music heard below ;

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
 Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
 The spacious times of great Elizabeth
 With sounds that echo still

And, for a while, the knowledge of his art
 Held me above the subject, as strong gales 10
 Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho' my heart,
 Brimful of those wild tales,

Charged both mine eyes with tears. In every land
 I saw, wherever light illumineth,
 Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
 The downward slope to death.

Those far-renowned brides of ancient song
 Peopled the ~~hollow dark~~, like burning stars,
 And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,
 And trumpets blown for wars ; 20

And clattering flints batter'd with clanging hoofs ,
 And I saw crowds in column'd sanctuaries ;
 And forms that pass'd at windows and on roofs
 Of marble palaces ;

Corpses across the threshold , heroes tall
 Dislodging pinnacle and parapet
 Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall ,
 Lances in ambush set ;

And high shrine-doors burst thro' with heated blasts
 That run before the fluttering tongues of fire ; 30
 White surf wind-scatter'd over sails and masts,
 And ever climbing higher ;

Squadrons and squares of men in brazen plates,
 Scaffolds, still sheets of water, divers woes,
 Ranges of glimmering vaults with iron grates,
 And hush'd seraghos.

So ~~shape chased shape~~ as swift as, when to land
 Bluster the winds and tides the self-same way,
 Crisp foam-flakes ~~scud~~ along the level sand,
 Torn from the fringe of spray

I started once, or seem'd to start in pain,
 Resolved on noble things, and strove to speak,
 As when a great thought strikes along the brain,
 And flushes all the cheek

And once my arm was lifted to hew down
 A cavalier from off his saddle-bow,
That bore a lady from a leaguer'd town ;
 And then, I know not how,

All those sharp fancies, by down-lapsing thought
 Stream'd onward, lost their edges, and did creep 50
 Roll'd on each other, rounded, smooth'd, and brought
 Into the gulfs of sleep.

At last methought that I had wander'd far
 • In an old wood • fresh-wash'd in coolest dew
 The maiden splendeurs of the morning star
 Shook in the stedfast blue

Enormous elm-tree-~~holes~~ ^{boles} did stoop and lean
 Upon the dusky brushwood underneath
 Their broad curved branches, fledged with clearest green,
 New from its silken shapeth 60

The dim red morn had died, her journey done,
 And with dead lips smiled at the twilight plain,
 Half-fall'n across the threshold of the sun,
 Never to rise again

There was no motion in the dumb dead air,
 Not any song of bird or sound of rill,
 Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre
 Is not so deadly still

As that wild forest Growths of jasmine turn'd
 Their humid arms festooning tree to tree, 70
 And at the root thro' lush green grasses burn'd
 The red anemone

I knew the flowers, I knew the leaves, I knew
 The tearful glimmer of the languid dawn
 On those long, rank, dark wood-walks drench'd in dew,
 Leading from lawn to lawn

The smell of violets, hidden in the green,
 Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame
 The times when I remember to have been
 Joyful and free from blame 80

And from within me a clear under-tone
 Thrill'd thro' mine ears in that unblissful clime,
 'Pass freely thro' the wood is all thine own,
 Until the end of time.'

At length I ~~saw~~ a lady within call,
 Stiller than chisell'd marble, standing there ;
 A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
 And most divinely fair.

Her loveliness with shame and with surprise
 Froze my swift speech she turning on my face 90
 The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes,
 Spoke slowly in her place.

'I had great beauty : ask thou not my name .
 No one can be more wise than destiny.
 Many drew swords and died. Where'er I came
 I brought calamity.'

'No marvel, sovereign lady in fau field
~~Myself for such a face had boldly died,~~
 I answer'd free ; and turning I appeal'd
 To one that stood beside. 100

But she with sick and scornful looks averse,
 To her full height her stately stature draws ,
 'My youth,' she said, 'was blasted with a curse :
 This woman was the cause.

'I was cut off from hope in that sad place,
 Which men call'd Aulis in those iron years .
 My father held his hand upon his face ;
 I, blinded with my tears,

'Still strove to speak : my voice was thick with sighs
 As in a dream. Dimly I could descry 110
 The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes,
 Waiting to see me die.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

'The high masts flicker'd as they lay afloat ;
The ~~crowds, the temples,~~ waver'd, and the shore ;
The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat ;
Touch'd ; and I knew no more.'

Whereto the other with a downward brow :

• 'I would the white cold heavy-plunging foam,
Whirl'd by the wind, had roll'd me deep below,
Then when I left my home'

120

Her slow full words sank thro' the silence drear,
As thunder-drops fall on a sleeping sea .
Sudden I heard a voice that cried, 'Come here,
That I may look on thee'

I turning saw, throned on a flowery ^{11sc},
One sitting on a crimson scarf unroll'd ;
A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
Brow-bound with burning gold

She, flashing forth a haughty smile, began

'I govern'd men by change, and so I sway'd
All moods. 'Tis long since I have seen a man
Once, like the moon, I made

130

'The ever-shifting currents of the blood
According to my humour ebb and flow.
I have no men to govern in this wood
That makes my only woe.

'Nay—yet it chafes me that I could not bend
One will ; nor tame and tutor with mine eye
That dull cold-blooded Caesar Prythee, friend,
Where is Mark Antony ?

140

'The man, my lover, with whom I rode sublime
On Fortune's neck . we sat as God by God .
The Nilus would have risen before his time
And flooded at our nod.

And ~~frank~~ the Libyan Sun to sleep, and lit
 Lamps which out burn'd Canopus O my life
 In Egypt ' O the dalliance and the wit,
 The flattery and the strife,

' And the wild kiss, when fresh from war's alarms
 My Hercules, my Roman Antony, 150
 My mailed Bacchus leapt into my arms,
 Contented there to die '

' And there he died and when I heard my name
 Sigh'd forth with life I would not brook my fear
 Of the other with a worm I balk'd his fame
 What else was left ? look here '

(With that she tore her robe apart, and half
 The polish'd argent of her breast to sight
 Laid bare Thence she pointed with a laugh,
 Showing the aspick's bite) 160

' I died a Queen The Roman soldier found
 Me lying dead, my crown about my brow,
 A name for ever '—lying robed as I crown'd,
 Worthy a Roman spouse '

Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range
 Struck by all passion, did fall down and glance
 From tone to tone, and glided thro' all change
 Of highest utterance

When she made pause I knew not for delight
 Because with sudden motion from the ground 170
 She raised her piercing orbs, and fill'd with light
 The interval of sound

Still with their fires Love tipt his keenest darts ,
 As once they drew into two burning rings
 All beams of Love, melting the mighty hearts
 Of captains and of kings

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

Slowly my sense undazzled. Then I heard
A noise of some one coming thro' the lawn,
And singing clearer than the crested bird
That claps his wings at dawn. 180

'The torrent brooks of hallow'd Israel
• From craggy hollows pouring, late and soon,
Sound all night long, in falling thro' the dell,
Far-heard beneath the moon

'The balmy moon of blessed Israel
Floods all the deep-blue gloom with beams divine :
All night the splinter'd crags that wall the dell
With spires of silver shine'

As one that museth where broad sunshine laves
The lawn by some cathedral, thro' the door 190
Hearing the holy organ rolling waves
Of sound on roof and floor

Within, and anthem sung, is charm'd and tied
To where he stands,—so stood I, when that flow
Of music left the lips of her that died
To save her father's vow ,

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,
A maiden pure , as when she went along
From Mizpeh's tower'd gate with welcome light,
With tumbiel and with song 200

My words leapt forth 'Heaven heads the count of crimes
With that wild oath.' She render'd answer high
'Not so, nor once alone a thousand times
I would be born and die

'Single I grew, like some green plant, whose root
Creeps to the garden water-pipes beneath,
Feeding the flower ; but ere my flower to fruit
Changed, I was ripe for death.

- And 'God, my land, my father—these did move
 Me from my bliss of life, that Nature gave, 210
 Lower'd softly with a threefold cord of love
 Down to a silent grave.
- 'And I went mourning, "No fair Hebrew boy
 Shall smile away my maiden blame among
 The Hebrew mothers"—emptied of all joy,
 Leaving the dance and song,
- 'Leaving the olive-gardens far below,
 Leaving the promise of my bridal bower,
 The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow
 Beneath the battled tower. 220
- 'The light white cloud swam over us. Anon
 We heard the lion roaring from his den ;
 We saw the large white stars rise one by one,
 Or, from the darken'd glen,
- 'Saw God divide the night with flying flame,
 And thunder on the everlasting hills.
 I heard Him, for He spake, and grief became
 A solemn scorn of ills
- 'When the next moon was roll'd into the sky,
 Strength came to me that equall'd my desire. 230
 How beautiful a thing it was to die
 For God and for my sire !
- 'It comforts me in this one thought to dwell,
 That I subdued me to my father's will ;
 Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell,
 Sweetens the spirit still.
- 'Moreover it is written that my race
 Hew'd Ammon, ~~hip and thigh~~, from Aroer
 On Arnon unto Minneth.' Here her face
 Glow'd, as I look'd at her. 240

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

She lock'd her lips : she left me where I stood :

'Glory to God,' she sang, and past afar,
Thridding the sombre boskage of the wood,
Toward the morning-star.

Losing her carol I stood pensively,
As one that from a casement leans his head,
When midnight bells cease ringing suddenly,
And the old year is dead

'Alas ' alas ' ' a low voice, full of care,
Murmur'd beside me . 'Turn and look on me 250
I am that Rosamond, whom men call fair,
If what I was I be.

'Would I had been some maiden coarse and poor '
O me, that I should ever see the light '
Those dragon eyes of anger'd Eleanor
Do hunt me, day and night.'

She ceased in tears, fallen from hope and trust :
To whom the Egyptian : 'O, you tamely died !
You should have clung to Fulvia's waist, and thrust
The dagger thro' her side.' 260

With that sharp sound the white dawn's creeping beams,
Stol'n to my brain, dissolved the mystery
Of folded sleep The captain of my dreams
Ruled in the eastern sky

Morn broaden'd on the borders of the dark,
Ere I saw her, who clasp'd in her last trance
Her murder'd father's head, or Joan of Arc,
A light of ancient France ,

Or her who knew that Love can vanquish Death,
Who kneeling, with one arm about her king, 270
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,
Sweet as new buds in Spring.

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

Memory labours longer from the deep
Gold-mines of thought to lift the hidden ore
That glimpees, moving up, than I from sleep
To gather and tell o'er

Each little sound and sight With what dull pain
Compass'd, how eagerly I sought to strike
Into that wondrous track of dreams again !
But no two dreams are like.

280

As when a soul laments, which hath been blest,
Desiring what is mingled with past years,
In yearnings that can never be exprest
By signs or groans or tears ;

Because all words, tho' cull'd with choicest art,
Failing to give the bitter of the sweet,
Wither beneath the palate, and the heart
Faints, faded by its heat.

MORTE D'ARTHUR

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea ,
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,
King Arthur . then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel, with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.

10

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :

'The sequel of to-day unsolders all '

The goodliest fellowship of famous knights

Whereof this world holds record Such a sleep

• They sleep—the men I loved I think that we

Shall never more, at any future time,

Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,

Walking about the gardens and the halls

20

Of Camelot, as in the days that were.

I perish by this people which I made,—

Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again

To rule once more—but let what will be, be,

I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm

That without help I cannot last till morn

Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,

Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how

In those old days, one summer noon, an arm

Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,

30

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,

Holding the sword—and how I rowed across

And took it, and have worn it, like a king

And, wheresoever I am sung or told

In aftertime, this also shall be known :

But now delay not take Excalibur,

And fling him far into the middle mere

Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word '

To him repeth the bold Sir Bedivere

'It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,

40

Andless, alone, and smitten thro' the ~~helm~~

A little thing may harm a wounded man

Yet I thy heat will all perform at full,

Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.'

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept

And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zig zag paths, and juts of pointed rock, 50
Came on the shining levels of the lake

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt :
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind, 60
In act to throw but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd

There in the many-knotted waterflags
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere .
'Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave ?
What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere
'I heard the ripple washing in the reeds, 70
And the wild water lapping on the crag.'

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale
'Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as be seem'd
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere
This is a shameful thing for men to lie
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art hef and dear, and do the thing 80
I bad thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.'

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
 Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought ;
 But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
 How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
 His palms together, and he cried aloud,

‘ And if indeed I cast the brand away,
 Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
 Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
 Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
 What good should follow this, if this were done ?
 What harm, undone ? deep harm to disobey,
 Seeing obedience is the bond of rule
 Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
 An act unprofitable, against himself ?

90

The King is sick, and knows not what he does
 What record, or what relic of my lord
 Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
 And rumours of a doubt ? but were this kept,
 Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
 Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
 Saying, “ King Arthur’s sword, Excalibur,
 Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake
 Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
 Upon the hidden bases of the hills ”
 So might some old man speak in the aftertime
 To all the people, winning reverence.

100

But now much honour and much fame were lost.’

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
 And hid Excalibur the second time,
 And so strode back slow to the wounded King
 Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily
 ‘ What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ?’

110

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere .

‘ I heard the water lapping on the crag,
 And the long ripple washing in the reeds.’

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
 Unknightly, traitor-hearted ! Woe is me ! 120
 Authority forgets a dying king,
 Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
 That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
 For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
 In whom should meet the offices of all, x
 Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt ;
 Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
 Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes
 Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
 And the third time may prosper, get thee hence . 130
 But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
 I will arise and slay thee with my hands' " - "

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
 And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
 Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
 And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
 Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
 And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
 Shot like a streamer of the northern morn, -
 Seen where the moving isles of winter shock . ' 140
 By night, with noises of the northern sea
 So flash'd and fell the brand Excalbur :
 But ere he durt the surface, rose an aim
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
 And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath .
 'Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
 Speak out : what is it thou hast heard, or seen ?' 150

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere .
 'Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
 Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
 Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,

MORTE D ARTHUR

Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
 So great a miracle as yonder hilt
 Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ,
 But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful
 That caught him by the hilt and brandish'd him 160
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard
 'My end draws nigh tis time that I were gone
 Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
 And bear me to the margin yet I fear
 My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die'

So saying from the pavement he half rose,
 Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm
 And lool'ing wistfully with wide blue eyes
 As in a picture Him Sn Bedivere 170
 Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears
 And would have spoken but he found not words,
 Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
 O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands
 And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs

But as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard
 Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
 When all the house is mute So sigh'd the King,
 Muttering and murmuring at his ear 'Quick, quick
 I fear it is too late and I shall die 180
 But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
 Clothed with his breath, and looking as he walk'd
 Larger than human on the frozen hills
 He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
 Before His own thought drove him, like a goad
 Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
 And barren chasms, and all to left and right
 The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
 His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang ,
 Sharp smitten with the dint of armed heels— 190

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake

And the long glories of the winter moon . . .

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,

Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,

Beneath them , and descending they were ware

That all the decks were dense with stately forms

Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these

Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,

And, as it were one voice an agony

200'

Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills

All night in a waste land, where no one comes,

Or hath come, since the making of the world

Then murmur'd Arthur, ' Place me in the barge,'

And to the barge they came There those three Queens

Put forth their hands, and took the King, and went.

But she, that rose the tallest of them all

And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,

And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,

And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,

210

And dropping bitter tears against his brow

Striped with dark blood— for all his face was white

And colourless, and like the wither'd moon

Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east ;

And all his greaves and cusses dash'd with drops

Of onset ; and the light and lustrous curls—

That made his forehead like a rising sun

High from the dais-throne—were parch'd with dust ;

Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,

Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips

So like a shatter'd column lay the King ;

221

Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,

From spur to plume a star of tournament,

Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged

Before the eyes of ladies and of kings

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

' Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes .
 For now I see the true old times are dead,
 When every morning brought a noble chance, 239
 And every chance brought out a noble knight
 Such times have been not since the light that led
 The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh
 But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
 Which was an image of the mighty world ;
 And I, the last, go forth companionless,
 And the days darken round me, and the years,
 Among new men, strange faces, other minds '

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge .
 ' The old order changeth, yielding place to new, 240
 And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world
 Comfort thyself what comfort is in me ?
 I have lived my life, and that which I have done
 May He within Himself make pure ' but thou,
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day . . .
 For what are men better than sheep or goats 250
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend,
 For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God
 But now farewell. I am going a long way
 With ~~these~~ thou seest—if indeed I go—
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
 To the island-valley of Avilion ;
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow, 260
 Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
 Deep-meadow'd, happy fair with orchard lawns

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and ~~takes the flood~~
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away

270

DORA

With farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often look'd at them,
And often thought, 'I'll make them man and wife'
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearn'd towards William ; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora

Then there came a day

When Allan call'd his son, and said, ' My son
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die
And I have set my heart upon a match
Now therefore look to Dora , she is well
To look to ; thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter : he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands ; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora : take her for your wife ;
For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,

10

DORA.

For many years.' But William answer'd short,
 'I cannot marry Dora; by my life,
 I will not marry Dora.' Then the old man
 Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said
 'You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!
 But in my time a father's word was law,
 And so it shall be now for me. Look to it;
 Consider, William, take a month to think,
 And let me have an answer to my wish,
 Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
 And never more darken my doors again.' 30
 But William answer'd madly, bit his lips,
 And broke away. The more he look'd at her
 The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh,
 But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
 The month was out he left his father's house,
 And hired himself to work within the fields;
 And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed
 A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
 His niece and said: 'My girl, I love you well;
 But if you speak with him that was my son,
 Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
 My home is none of yours. My will is law.'
 And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
 'It cannot be: my uncle's mind will change!'

And days went on, and there was born a boy
 To William; then distresses came on him
 And day by day he pass'd his father's gate,
 Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.
 But Dora stored what little she could save, 50
 And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
 Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
 On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
 And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said .

'I have obey'd my uncle until now,
And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro' me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you .
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest : let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat ; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone.'

60

And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not ; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child ,
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart fail'd her ; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

70

But when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound ,
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then when the farmer pass'd into the field
He spied her, and he left his men at work,
And came and said ' Where were you yesterday ?
Whose child is that ? What are you doing here ?'
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answer'd softly, ' This is William's child !'
' And did I not,' said Allan, ' did I not
Forbid you, Dora ?' . Dora said again .
' Do with me as you will, but take the child,

80

90

DORA.

And bless him for the sake of him that's gone !'
 And Allan said, ' I see it is a trick
 Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
 I must be taught my duty, and by you !
 You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
 To slight it Well—for I will take the boy ;
 But go you hence, and never see me more '

So saying, he took the boy that cried aloud
 And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell 100
 At Dora's feet She bow'd upon her hands,
 And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
 More and more distant. She bow'd down her head
 Remembering the day when first she came,
 And all the things that had been. She bow'd down
 And wept in secret, and the reapers reap'd,
 And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
 Upon the threshold Mary saw the boy
 Was not with Dora She broke out in praise 110
 To God, that help'd her in her widowhood
 And Dora said, ' My uncle took the boy ;
 But, Mary, let me live and work with you .
 He says that he will never see me more '
 Then answer'd Mary, ' This shall never be,
 That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself .
 And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
 For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
 His mother, therefore thou and I will go,
 And I will have my boy, and bring him home ; 120
 And I will beg of him to take thee back
 But if he will not take thee back again,
 Then thou and I will live within one house,
 And work for William's child, until he grows
 Of age to help us.'

So the women kiss'd
 Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

The door was off the latch : they peep'd, and saw
 The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
 Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
 And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks, 130
 Like one that loved him : and the lad stretch'd out
 And babbled for the golden seal, that hung
 From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire
 Then they came in . but when the boy beheld
 His mother, he cried out to come to her
 And Allan set him down, and Mary said :

‘ O Father !—if you let me call you so—
 I never came a-begging for myself,
 Or William, or this child ; but now I come
 For Dora : take her back ; she loves you well 140
 O Sir, when William died, he died at peace
 With all men , for I ask'd him, and he said,
 He could not ever rue his marrying me—
 I had been a patient wife . but, Sir, he said
 That he was wrong to cross his father thus
 “ God bless him ! ” he said, “ and may he never know
 The troubles I have gone thro' ! ” Then he turn'd
 His face and pass'd—unhappy that I am !
 But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you
 Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight 150
 His father's memory ; and take Dora back,
 And let all this be as it was before.’

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
 By Mary. There was silence in the room ;
 And all at once the old man burst in sobs —

‘ I have been to blame—to blame. I have kill'd my son.
 I have kill'd him—but I loved him—my dear son.
 May God forgive me !—I have been to blame.
 Kiss me, my children.’

Then they clung about
 The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times. 160
 And all the man was broken with remorse ;

DORA,

And all his love came back a hundred fold ,
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child
Thinking of William

So those four abode
Within one house together , and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate ,
But Dora lived unmarried till her death

ULYSSES

Ir little profits that an idle king,
By this still heath, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me
I cannot rest from travel I will drink
Life to the lees all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That lov'd me, and alone , on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hædes 10
Vext the dim sea I am become a name ,
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least but honour'd of them all ,
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy
I am a part of all that I have met ,
Yet all experience is an arch where thro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margins f-des 20
For ever and for ever when I move
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use !

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON

'As tho' to breathe were life Life piled on life
 Were all too little, and of one to me
 Little remains but every hour is saved
 'From that eternal silence, something more,
 'A hunger for new things and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire 30
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought
 This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
 Well loved of me, discerning to fulfil
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good
 Most blameless is he centred in the sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail 40
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone He works his work, I mine
 There lies the port the vessel puffs her sail
 There gloom the dark broad seas My mariners,
 Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me—
 That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil 50
 Death closes all but something ere the end
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks
 The long day wanes the slow moon climbs the deep
 Moans round with many voices Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world
 Push off, and sitting, well in order smite
 The sounding furrow, for my purpose holds

ULYSSES.

To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down.
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield

70

TITHONUS.

THE woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapours weep their burthen to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes. I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
The ever-silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

10

Alas! for this gray shadow, once a man—
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd
To his great heart none other than a God!
I ask'd thee, 'Give me immortality'
Then didst thou grant me asking with a smile,
Like wealthy men who care not how they give
But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,
 And tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd 20
 To dwell in ~~presence of immortal~~ youth,
 Immortal age beside immortal youth,
 And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
 Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even now,
 Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
 Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
 To hear me? Let me go. take back thy gift.
 Why should a man desire in any way
 To vary from the kindly race of men,
 Or pass beyond the goal of ordnance 30
 Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes
 A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.
 Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
 From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,
 And bosom beating with a heart renew'd
 Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the gloom,
 Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
 Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
 Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise, 40
 And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,
 And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful
 In silence, then before thine answer given
 Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
 And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,
 In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?
 'The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts'

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart 50
 In days far-off, and with what other eyes

TITHONUS.

I used to watch—if I be he that watch'd—
The lucid outline forming round thee ; saw
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings ;
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all
Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,
Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm
With kisses balmyer than half-opening buds
Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd
Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,
Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,
While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

60

Yet hold me not for ever in thine East .
How can my nature longer mix with thine ?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Release me and restore me to the ground ;
Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my grave :
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn ;
I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
And thee returning on thy silver wheels

70

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON

- The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,
 The splinter'd ~~spear-shafts~~ crack and fly
 The horse and rider reel .
 They reel, they roll in clanging ~~hsts~~,
 And when the tide of combat stands, 10
 Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
 That lightly rain from ladies' hands.
- How sweet are looks that ladies bend
 On whom their favours fall !
 For them I battle till the end,
 To save from shame and thrall .
 But all my heart is drawn above,
 My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine
 I never felt the kiss of love,
 Nor maiden's hand in mine, 20
 More bounteous aspects on me beam,
 Me mightier transports move and thrill ;
 So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
 A virgin heart in work and will
- When down the stormy crescent goes,
 A light before me swims,
 Between dark stems the forest glows,
 I hear a noise of hymns
 Then by some secret shine I ride ,
 I hear a voice but none are there ; 30
 The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
 The tapers burning fair.
 Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
 The silver vessels sparkle clean,
 The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
 And solemn chajunts resound between
- Sometimes on lonely mountain-méres
 I find a magic park

SIR GALAHAD

I leap on board no helmsman steers
 I float till all is dark 40
 A gentle sound an awful light '
 Three angels bear the holy Grail
 With folded feet in stoles of white
 On sleeping wings they sail
 Ah blessed vision blood of God
 My spirit beats her mortal bars
 As down dark tides the glory slides
 And star like mingles with the stars

 When on my goodly charger borne
 Thro dreaming towns I go 50
 The cock crows ere the Christmas morn
 The streets are dumb with snow
 The tempest crackles on the leads
 And, ringing springs from brand and mail
 But o'er the dark a glory spreads
 And gilds the driving hail
 I leave the plun I climb the height
 No branchy thicket shelter yields
 But blessed forms in whistling storms
 Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields 60

 A madder knight—to me is given
 Such hope I know not fear
 I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
 That often meet me here ~~in~~
 I muse on joy that will not cease
 Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
 Pure lilies of eternal peace
 Whose odours haunt my dreams
 And stricken by an angel's hand
 This mortal armour that I wear 70
 This weight and size this heart and eyes
 Are touch'd are turn'd to finer air

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swell up and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear :
'O just and faithful knight of God !
Ride on ! the prize is near.'
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Grail.

80

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH

In her ear he whispers gaily,
'If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watch'd thee daily,
And I think thou lov'st me well.'
She replies, in accents fainter,
'There is none I love like thee'
He is but a landscape-painter,
And a village maiden she.
He to lips, that fondly falter,
Presses his without reproof :
Leads her to the village altar,
And they leave her father's roof.
'I can make no marriage present .
Little can I give my wife.
Love will make our cottage pleasant,
And I love thee more than life.'

10

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

Théy by parks and lodges going
 See the lordly castles stand .
 Summer woods, about them blowing,
 Made a murmur in the land 20
 From deep thought himself he rouses,
 Says to her that loves him well,
 ' Let us see these handsome houses
 Where the wealthy nobles dwell.'
 So she goes by him attended,
 Hears him lovingly converse,
 Sees whatever fair and splendid
 Lay betwixt his home and hers ;
 Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
 Parks and order'd gardens great, 30
 Ancient homes of lord and lady,
 Built for pleasure and for state.
 All he shows her makes him dearer :
 Evermore she seems to gaze
 On that cottage growing nearer,
 Where the twain will spend their days
 O but she will love him truly !
 He shall have a cheerful home ;
 She will order all things duly,
 When beneath his roof they come. 40
 Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
 Till a gateway she discerns
 With armorial bearings stately,
 And beneath the gate she turns ;
 Sees a mansion more majestic
 Than all those she saw before .
 Many a gallant gay domestic
 Bows before him at the door.
 And they speak in gentle murmur,
 When they answer to his call, 50
 While he treads with footstep firmer,
 Leading on from hall to hall'

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

And, while now she wonders blindly,
 Nor the meaning can divine,
 Proudly turns he round and kindly,
 'All of this is mine and thine.'
 Here he lives in state and bounty,
 Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,
 Not a lord in all the county
 Is so great a lord as he.

60

All at once the colour flushes
 Her sweet face from brow to chin
 As it were with shame she blushes,
 And her spirit changed within
 Then her countenance all over
 Pale again as death did prove
 But he clasped her like a lover,
 And he cheer'd her soul with love
 So she strove against her weakness,
 Tho' at times her spirit sank .
 Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
 To all duties of her rank .
 And a gentle consort made he,
 And her gentle mind was such
 That she grew a noble lady,
 And the people loved her much.
 But a trouble weigh'd upon her,
 And perplex'd her, night and morn,
 With the burthen of an honour
 Unto which she was not born.

70

80

Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
 And she murmur'd, 'Oh, that he
 Were once more that landscape-painter,
 Which did win my heart from me !'
 So she droop'd and droop'd before him,
 Fading slowly from his side :
 Three fair children first she bore him,
 Then before her time she died.

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down, 90
Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh,
Burleigh-house by Stamford-town
And he came to look upon her,
And he look'd at her and said,
'Bring the dress and put it on her,
That she wore when she was wed'
Then her people, softly treading,
Bore to earth her body, drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest 100

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

PUBLISHED IN 1852.

I

BURY the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall

II

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
Here, in ~~streaming~~ London's central roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for, 10
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

III.

Lead out the pageant sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow ;
The last great Englishman is low.

IV.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the Past. 20
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good. . . .
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war, 30
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength . . .
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew !
Such was he whom we deplore. 40
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

v

All is over and done
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son
Let the bell be toll'd
Render thanks to the Giver
And render ~~him to the mould~~
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river, 50
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold
Let the bell be toll'd
And a reverent people behold
The ~~towering~~ car, the sable steeds
Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds
Dark in its funeral fold
Let the bell be toll'd
And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd 60
Thro' the dome of the golden cross
And the ~~volleying~~ cannon thunder his loss
He knew their voices of old
For many a time in many a clime
His captain's ear has heard them boom
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom
When he with those deep voices wrought
Guarding realms and kings from shame
With those deep voices our dead captain taught
The tyrant, and asserts his claim 70
In that dread sound to the great name,
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well attemper'd frame
O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

To such a name,
 Preserve a broad approach of fame,
 And ever-echoing avenues of song.

VI.

Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest, 80
 With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
 With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest ?
Mighty Seaman, this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea.
 Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
 The greatest sailor since our world began.
 Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
 To thee the greatest soldier comes ;
 For this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea ; 90
 His foes were thine ; he kept us free ,
 O give him welcome, this is he
 Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
 And worthy to be laid by thee ,
 For this is England's greatest son,
 He that gain'd a hundred fights,
 Nor ever lost an English gun ;
 This is he that far away
 Against the myriads of Assaye ✓
 Clash'd with his fiery few and won ; 100
 And underneath another gun,
 Warring on a later day,
 Round affrighted Lisbon drew
 The treble works, the vast designs
 Of his labour'd rampart-lines,
 Where he greatly stood at bay,
 Whence he issued forth anew,
 And ever great and greater grew,
 Beating from the wasted vines

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

Back to France her banded swarms 118
 Back to France with countless blows,
 Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
 Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
 Follow'd up in valley and glen
 With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
 Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
 And England pouring on her foes
 Such a war had such a close
 Again their avenging eagle rose
 In anger, wheel'd on Europe shadowing wings, 120
 And basking for the thrones of kings
 Till one that sought but Duty & non crown
 On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down
 A day of onsets of despair!
 Dashed on every rocky square
 Then surging charges foam'd themselves away,
 Last, the Prussian trumpet blew,
 Thro' the long tormented air
 Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
 And down we swept and charged and overthrew 130
 So great a soldier taught us there,
 What long enduring hearts could do
 In that world earthquake, Waterloo
 Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
 And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
 O saviour of the silver coasted isle,
 O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
 If aught of things that here befall
 Touch a spirit among things divine,
 If love of country move thee there at all, 140
 Be glad, because his bones are laid by thee
 And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
 In full acclaim,
 A people's voice,
 The proof and echo of all human fame,

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

A people's voice, when they rejoice
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 Attest their great commander's claim
 With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
 Eternal honour to his name. 150

VII

A people's voice ! we are a people yet.
 Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
 Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers ;
 Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
 His Briton in blown seas and storming showers,
 We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
 Of boundless love and reverence and regret
 To those great men who fought, and kept it ours
 And keep it ours, O God, from brute control ,
 O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul 160
 Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
 And save the one true seed of freedom sown
 Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
 That sober freedom out of which there springs
 Our loyal passion for our temperate kings ;
 For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
 Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
 And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
 Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
 But wink no more in slothful overtrust. 170
 Remember him who led your hosts ,
 He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
 Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall ,
 His voice is silent in your council-hall
 For ever ; and whatever tempests lour
 For ever silent ; even if they broke
 In thunder, silent ; yet remember all
 He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke ;
 Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

Not palter'd with Eternal God for power , 180,
 Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
 Thro' either babbling world of high and low
 Whose life was work whose language rife
 With rugged maxims hewn from life
 Who never spokt against a foe
 Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
 All great self seekers trampling on the right
 Truth teller was our England's Alfred named
 Truth lover was our English Duke
 Whatever record leap to light 190,
 He never shall be shamed

VIII

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
 Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
 Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
 He, on whom from both her open hands
 Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,
 And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn
 Yea, let all good things await
 Him who cares not to be great,
 But as he saves or serves the state 200
 Not once or twice in our rough island story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory
 He that walks it, only thirsting
 For the right, and learns to deaden
 Love of self, before his journey closes,
 He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
 Into glossy purples, which outredden
 All voluptuous garden roses
 Not once or twice in our fair island story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory 210
 He, that ever following her commands,
 On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
 Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON

His path upward, and prevail'd,
 Shall find the ~~toppling~~ crags of Duty scaled
 Are close upon the shining table-lands
 To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
 Such was he his work is done
 But while the races of mankind endure,
 Let his great example stand 220
 Colossal, seen of every land,
 And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure
 Till in all lands and thro' all human story
 The path of duty be the way to glory
 And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame
 For many and many an age proclaim
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 And when the long-illumined cities flame,
 Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
 With honour, honour, honour, honour to him, 230
 Eternal honour to his name.

IX

Peace, his triumph will be sung
 By some yet unmoulded tongue
 Far on in summers that we shall not see
 Peace, it is a day of pain
 For one about whose patriarchal knee
 Late the little children clung
 O peace, it is a day of pain
 For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain
 Once the weight and fate of Europe hung 240
 Ours the pain, be his the gain
 More than is of man's degree
 Must be with us, watching here
 At this, our great solemnity
 Whom we see not we revere ;
 We revere, and we refrain
 From talk of battles loud and vain,

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

And brawling memories all too free
 For such a wise humility
 As befits a solemn fane : 250
 We revere, and while we hear
 The tides of Music's golden sea
 Setting toward eternity,
 Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
 Until we doubt not that for one so true
 There must be other nobler work to do
 Than when he fought at Waterloo,
 And Victor he must ever be
 For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
 And break the shore, and evermore 260
 Make and break, and work their will ;
 Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
 Round us, each with different powers,
 And other forms of life than ours,
 What know we greater than the soul ?
 On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
 Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears
 The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears
 The black earth yawns : the mortal disappears ;
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ; 270
 He is gone who seem'd so great —
 Gone ; but nothing can bereave him
 Of the force he made his own
 Being here, and we believe him
 Something far advanced in State,
 And that he wears a truer crown
 Than any wreath that man can weave him.
 Speak no more of his renown,
 Lay your earthly fancies down,
 And in the vast cathedral leave him 280
 God accept him, Christ receive him.

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

THE REVENGE.

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET.

I.

AT FLORES in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far
away :

'Spanish ships of war at sea' we have sighted fifty-three'
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard . 'Fore God I am no
coward ;

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line ; can we fight with fifty-three ?

II.

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville : 'I know you are no
coward ;

You fly them for a moment to fight with them again
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore 10
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord
Howard,

To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain.'

III.

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven ;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below ;

THE REVENGE.

For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left
to Spain, 20
To the thumbcrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in
sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow. *And*
'Shall we fight or shall we fly ?'
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die '
'There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set '
'And Sir Richard said again. 'We be all good English men.
) Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil, 30
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet.'

V

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah,
and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick
below ;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left
were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane
between.

VI.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks
and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred
tons,

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers
of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

VII.

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like
a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard, and two upon the starboard
lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all

VIII

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself and
went 50
Having that within her womb that had left her ill-content,
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us
hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and mus-
queteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes
his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land

IX

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over
the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the
fifty-three
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built
galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-
thunder and flame,

THE REVENGE

Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with
her dead and her shame 60
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so
could fight us no more—
~~God of battles~~, was ever a battle like this in the world
before ?

X

For he said 'Fight on ' fight on '
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck ,
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night
was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the
head,
And he said 'Fight on ' fight on ' '

XI

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far
over the summer sea, 70
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all
in a ring
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we
still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife ;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them
stark and cold, 75
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder
was all of it spent ; 80

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side ;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
' We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again !
We have won great glory, my men,
~~And a day less or more~~
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when ?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in
twain !
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain !' 90

XII.

And the gunner said ' Ay, ay,' but the seamen made
reply :
' We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let
us go ;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow.'
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

XIII.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him
then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught
at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly
foreign grace ;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried : 100
' I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man
and true ;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do :
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die !'
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

THE REVENGE.

XIV.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant
and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English
few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honour down into the deep,
And they manned the Revenge with a swarther alien crew, 110
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from
sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And ~~or ever~~ that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earth-
quake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts
and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd
navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by the island
crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

NOTES.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE *Recollections* first appeared in "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," published in 1830, the first volume of poetry to which Tennyson affixed his name. The poem has been noticed as one of the earliest that decisively announced the rise of a great poet. It is remarkable for opulent and powerful word-painting, combined with great imaginative luxuriance. The stanzas follow one another in a sort of processional pomp, as the reader's fancy travels through scene after scene of Oriental splendour. Full of curious wonder, he advances from one stage of magnificence to another, till at last he is borne triumphantly into the throned presence of the great Caliph himself.

NOTES.

1. **when infancy** In my happy childhood, when my young life was full of gay hopes and bold fancies.

3. **the tide time.** My thoughts, instead of going forward to the future, travelled back to past events. Compare Milton, *Nativity*, xiv —

" For, if such holy song

Enwrap our fancy long,

Time will run back and fetch the age of gold "

6. **adown** is the O. E. *of dune*, off the hill; now generally shortened into *dawn*.

7. **Bagdat**, or Bagdad, on the eastern bank of the Tigris, was the capital of the empire of the Caliphs. It attained its greatest splendour, as the seat of elegance and learning, under Haroun Alraschid, who adorned it with many noble and stately edifices. **fretted**, formed into ornamental lace-work.

9. **sworn.** I was a sworn (i. e. devoted) Mussulman.

10. **the golden prime**, the vigorous and glorious period.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

11. **Haroun Alraschid**, or Harun al-Rashid (i.e. Aaron the Orthodox), was the fifth of the Abbaside Caliphs of Bagdad, and ruled over territories extending from Egypt to Khorassan. He obtained great renown for his bravery, magnificence, and love of letters. He was a contemporary of Charlemagne, and flourished A.D. 786 to 809.

12. **anight**, or (the) *night*, at night. **shallop**, light boat; cf. *sloop*.

13. **bloomed**, covered with bloom; used as an adjective.

drove blue. Pushed the water before it, and cut across the shadows of the citron-trees on the surface of the blue stream *Cloze* (and *cleft*) is the preterite of *cleave*, to split; *cleave*, to adhere, makes its preterite *cleaved*.

16. **brim**, margin of the full river

17. **the costly side**. All three lines are instances of the nominative-absolute construction. "the doors *being* flung, etc., and sofas *being* on each side."

23. **clear-stemm'd platana**. The Oriental platan or platane (plane-tree) is a tree with spreading boughs (Lat. *platanus*, Gr. *πλατὴς*, broad). It is called "clear-stemmed" because its trunk runs smoothly up to some height without throwing out any branches.

24. **the outlet**, i.e. from the river into the canal. The platans stood like sentinels on either bank.

26. **sluiced**. Led by a dike from the main river Cf. Milton, *P. L.*, l. 701, 702 —

"Veins of liquid fire
Sluic'd from the lake"

Sluice is from Low Lat. *exclusa*, a flood-gate; lit. 'shut-off (water).'

28. **was damask-work**, was variegated with flowers **inlay** is a noun, 'inlaid work.' The bank formed a mosaic-work of intertwined blossoms.

34. **a motion level**. An impulse from the river's flow caused a ripple to run along the smooth surface of the canal.

37. **night in night**. A night caused by the deep shadows of the trees in the midst of the literal night.

39. **vaults**. In apposition with "another night." **pillar'd**, with trunks like pillars.

40. **clomb**, the old strong preterite of *climb*. The modern form is the weak *climbed*.

46. **is rounded to**, widens into.

51. **seemed prow**. The motion on the surface of the water

NOTES.

caused by the rillets made the bright pebbles at its bottom seemed to stir, as he looked at them from the boat.

58. **engrained**, lit. 'dyed of a fast colour'; here 'set, inlaid, tessellated.' The Lat. *granum* means 'seed,' and the dye prepared from the insect coccus (cochineal) was, from its seed-like form, called *granum*. Cf. 'to dye in *grain*,' 'a rogue in *grain*' (see Marsh's *Lectures on the English Language*, p. 55).

60. **futed**, vertically hollowed or channeled on the outer surface.

64 **studded .. tiara**. Other plants were thickly covered with circular blossoms and with diadem-shaped flowers. Milton (*P. L.* iii. 625) has the form *tia* for *tiara*.

68. **in closest coverture**. So as to form a thick covert (for the bird). Cf. Milton's (*P. L.*, iii 39) 'in shadiest covert hid' (of the nightingale).

70 **bulbul**. The word *bulbul* (no doubt intended to imitate the bird's note) is originally Persian, and applied to a bird which does duty with Persian poets for the nightingale.

71. **not he . time**. It did not seem to be the song of the bulbul that I heard, but something that filled and penetrated the darkness—something that had in it a spirit of delight, life, etc., which seemed to be endless and to have free utterance, without limit of place or time.

76. **flattering**, glorifying, shedding a lustre upon. Cf. *Aylmer's Field*, 175.—

"A splendid presence flattering the poor roofs";

after Shaks., *Sonnet* 33:—

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye."

78. **Black**. Note the emphatic force given to this monosyllable by its representing a whole foot in the metre Cf. *Morte d'Arthur*, II. 65, 188.

79. **solemn**, still and stately.

84 **counterchanged bright**. The splendour, falling upon the lake from between the leaves, variegated its smooth surface with little patches of light. Cf. *In Mem.*, 89 l.—

"Witch-elms that counterchange the floor
Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright"

Counterchange is a term in heraldry, used of the intermixture of colours, etc., on the shield.

89. **the deep sphere**, the vault of heaven

90. **distinct inlaid**, clearly marked with bright stars that were inlaid in it

93. **with .. afloat**, the boat was left floating at her anchor.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

95. as in sleep, as though I were asleep.

101. a realm of pleasure, a vast pleasure-garden, consisting of many a mound and lawn, and thickets "Now this garden was named The Garden of Gladness and therein stood a belvedere high the Palace of Pleasure and the Pavilion of Pictures, the whole belonging to the Caliph Harun al-Rashid, who was wont, when his breast was straitened with care, to frequent garden and palace and there to sit" (*Nur al-Din and the Damsel Amr al-Jalis* in Burton's *Arabian Nights*).

102. shadow-chequered, flecked with shadows from the trees. See note to l. 84. *Chequer* means 'to mark out like a chess-board,' and so, generally, to variegate.

103 full sound. The city noises were heard here half-hushed by the distance.

106 scented thorn, sweet-smelling bushes

108 emblems of the time, figures or symbols expressing the spirit, or recalling the events, of that era

111. unawares, a genitival adverb, like *needs* (= of need), *always*, *sometimes*.

112 latticed shade, shade caused by the lattice-work with which it was enclosed. "Overhead was a trellis of reed-work and canes shading the whole length of the avenue" (Burton).

114 pavilion of the Caliph^{at}, the "Pavilion of Pictures" (see note to l. 101). 'The Caliph^{at}' means the government or empire of the Caliphs.

115. cedarn, made of cedar wood. Milton (*Comus*, 990) has "the cedarn (i. e. of cedar trees) alleys" Cf *silvern*.

120 humour, whim, fancy.

122 the fourscore, etc "The palace had eighty latticed windows and fourscore lamps hanging round a great candleabrum of gold furnished with wax-candles" (Burton)

123 as with flame, so brilliant that they seemed to be lighted with the purest essence of fire. To the four elements Aristotle added a fifth—*quinta essentia*, fifth essence or nature. Cf the five Sanscrit *bhūtas* or elements—earth, air, fire, water, and æther.

125. twisted silvers, spiral silver sconces or candlesticks

look'd to shame, abashed the darkness by its gaze; shone upon and utterly dissipated it.

127. mooned domes, the domes of mosques surmounted by the crescent.

129 crescents, crescent moons. The "roof of night" is the dark sky.

134. the Persian girl, Anis al-Janis or "The Fair Persian" of the story (see note to l. 101).

135. argent-tudded, see note to *Dream of Fair Women*, ll. i, 158.

146 of the massive ore, made of a great mass of gold. Ore is here used for the gold it contains, as in Milton's *Lycidas*, 170, where the daystar flames "with new-spangled ore." In *Enone*, l. 113, and *Dream of Fair Women*, l. 274, ore has its usual sense of the metal in its native drossy state—the "massy ore" of Milton, *P L*, i. 703

148 diaper'd, figured, embroidered. Derived from Old Fr. *diaspire*, Lat. *iaspidem*, a jasper; hence lit. 'ornamented with jasper stones.'

152. sole star, the only conspicuous object, compared with which everything else was insignificant.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS short poem (first published in 1832) seems to be intended merely as a picture—painted with that exact delineation of small details which distinguishes the pre-Raphaelite school of artists—of a landscape and a weird being in the midst of it who is doomed to exist without hope or fear or human interest under the influence of some overpowering fate. She lives in a lonely tower, and employs herself in weaving a 'magic web' if she leave her work to look out of the window in the direction of the city of Camelot, where King Arthur holds his court (see *Morte d'Arthur*, l. 21, Note), some unknown but dreadful evil will happen to her. She can see the landscape and the people who pass along the road or river towards Camelot by looking into a large mirror in which their images are reflected. She avoids the curse until Lancelot comes riding by, when she turns from his image in the mirror to look through the window directly at him. Forthwith the curse falls upon her, the magic web and mirror are broken; and she feels death drawing near. She leaves her tower, and lies down in a boat on the river which floats with her to Camelot, where she arrives just as she breathes her last.

In his Idyll of *Lancelot and Elaine*, Tennyson adopts another version of the tale of The Lady of Shalott. In that poem the web that the Lady weaves is intended as a covering for Lancelot's shield which had been left in her charge, and it is her unrequited love for Lancelot that causes her death.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

NOTES.

1. **on either side the river.** 'River' is in the objective case governed by the prepositional phrase 'on either side,' just as 'beside' (=by side) governs the objective. *Either side* means *both sides*.

3. **wold, rolling hill country, downs.**

5. **many-towered.** Tennyson seems fond of epithets of this Homeric formation: thus he has *many-blossoming, many-cobweb'd, many-corridor'd, many-fountain'd, many-headed, many-knotted, many-shielded, many-winter'd*

10 **willows whiten.** When moved by the wind, the leaves of the willow-tree show their under surface, which is white. Cf. 'willow branches hoar' (*The Dying Swan*) and *glaucae salices*, Verg *Georg* iv. 182

aspens, a tree of the poplar species, noted for the tremulousness of its leaves which quiver with the slightest movement of the air. Cf. 'ever-tremulous aspen leaves' (*l'ancelot and Elame*) *Aspen* is properly an adjective formed from *aspen*, the real name of the tree

11. **dusk and shiver**, run over the surface of the water so as to darken and agitate it.

17. **imbowers**, contains and shelters amidst its bowers.

19. **willow-well'd**, fringed with and overshadowed by willow-trees.

21. **unhall'd**, without being called to; no one addresses the occupants of the shallop.

29. **bearded barley**, barley with long stiff hairs or spikes. Milton has (*P. L.*, iv 982) 'Bearded grove of ears'

30. **cheerly, briskly.** 'Cheerly' is often used by Shakespeare.

31. **winding clearly**, whose winding can be distinctly seen.

33. **by the moon**, late in the evening—as well as early in the morning.

PART II.

48. **shadows of the world**, vague, indistinct images of the busy life of the world outside

56. **ambling pad**, pony with easy paces, suitable for a dignitary of the church. 'Pad' is from the same root as *path*, and means 'a horse for riding along paths' Cf. *roadster*

58. **long-hair'd** In days of chivalry only the high-born were allowed to wear their hair long. And so late as the time of the Stuarts a distinction in this matter was kept up between 'gen-

tllemen' and 'citizens'; the Cavaliers wore long 'love-locks,' while their opponents were called 'Roundheads' from wearing their hair cropped.

64. still, always; without change or rest.

65. magic sights, weird reflections

PART III

75 the sun came dazling. Observe the contrast of the brilliancy and vivid warmth of colour in this picture with the pale indistinctness of the previous one

76 greaves, armour for the lower part of the legs; derivation uncertain.

79 in his shield. His shield had emblazoned on it the device of a knight with a red cross on his breast (the original sign of a crusader), kneeling at the feet of a lady.

80 sparkled on the yellow field, shone bright against the background of the barley field, yellow with the ripe grain.

82 gemmy, studded with jewels glittered free, flashed with clear lights.

83 Like Galaxy, like a line of stars in the Milky Way. 'Galaxy' is from the Gk γάλα, γάλακτος, milk.

87 blazoned baldrick, belt ornamented with heraldic devices. *Baldrick* is derived from the Old High German *balderich*, allied to *belt*.

89. rung, the old preterite of *ring*, we now use the form *rang*, as the poet himself has done above, 'rang merrily

91. all in the blue, etc. 'All' is loosely attached to the whole sentence.

94. burned, flamed with light

98 bearded meteor. The word *comet* means literally 'with (long) hair'. Gk. κομητής.

105 from the bank and from the river. She saw in her mirror the image of the rider on the bank, and also his image as reflected from the surface of the river

107 'tírra tírra,' syllables musical in sound but without meaning, expressing Lancelot's gay light-heartedness

111. she saw, she looked out of the window and saw directly, not in the mirror.

PART IV.

119 pale yellow woods Observe the change from the bright sunlight and brilliant colouring of the previous picture.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

129. seeing mischance, who sees a vision of unavoidable evil that is to come upon himself.

130. glassy, with a set, unvarying expression of eyes and features.

156 a gleaming shape, a figure faintly reflecting the light that fell on it.

165 royal cheer, the merry banquet of the king *Cheer* is from the Low Lat *cava*, face, connected with *ἄκ' κάπα*, *Skt prasa*, head, and hence comes to mean *demeanour*, hence *happy demeanour*, *merriment*, *merry-making*, *feasting*

166. crossed themselves, made the sign of the cross on their bodies, often done in old times to avert danger from evil spirits

170. God grace, may God be merciful to her departed spirit

CENONE.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS poem was first published in 1832. According to Classical Mythology, Cenone was the daughter of the river-god Kebren (*Κεβρην*), and was married to Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy, but was deserted by him for Helen, wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta. The abduction of Helen from Sparta came about in the following way. On the occasion of the marriage of Peleus to the Nereid Thetis, the Gods were invited to the nuptial banquet, and brought with them various wedding presents. Eris, the Goddess of Strife, enraged at not having received an invitation, threw on the banqueting table an apple of gold, with this inscription cut on its rind, "For the fairest." Thereupon the goddesses Herè, Pallas Athenè, and Aphrodité each claimed the apple for herself. Zeus ordered Hermes to take the claimants disrobed before Paris on Mt Gargarus, part of Mt Ida, and there ask his decision. On appearing before Paris, the goddesses tried to influence his judgment by the offer of bribes. Herè promised him great wealth and the sovereignty of Asia, Pallas great glory and renown in war, while Aphrodité said she would give him the fairest of women for a wife. Paris without hesitation decided the dispute in favour of Aphrodité, and gave her the apple. Under her protection he then deserted Cenone, and sailed to Sparta, whence he carried off Helen to Troy; the Trojan war, in which all the kings and chiefs of Greece joined for the recovery of Helen, followed.

Tennyson's poem opens with a description of a valley in Ida. This was the name of the great mountain range of Mysia, forming

the south boundary of the territory of Troas or Ilium. [It was among the valleys of this mountain that Paris had been brought up, after having been cast away there as a baby owing to a dream that his mother had that her child would bring ruin on Troy. Paris was preserved by the shepherds, who taught him their craft, and hence he is often called the 'Idæan shepherd.' He subsequently was restored to his father at Troy.] Enone comes to this valley in grief at her desertion by Paris, describes the appearance of the three goddesses before Paris, and his award; and, after wishing for death, resolves to go down to Troy and there consult the prophetess Cassandra, Paris's sister, as to what vengeance she can take on her faithless husband. Such is the substance of Tennyson's poem. The myths relate that Enone subsequently had an opportunity of revenge. At the capture of Troy by the Greeks, Paris was wounded by Philoctetes, who shot him with one of the poisoned arrows obtained from Hercules. Paris now returned to his neglected Enone, and besought her to apply to his wound a sure remedy, which she alone possessed. Enone refused, and Paris returned in agony to Troy. Enone quickly repented, and hastened after her husband, but reached Troy only to find him dead. She then in remorse hanged herself.

Critics have called attention to the absence of the genuine antique spirit from this poem. And it is, no doubt, observable that Tennyson's representation of Enone's character contains little or no suggestion of that bitter resentment and implacable vengeance which a poet of ancient Greece would have thought it correct from both a moral and an artistic standpoint to instil into her words. In making Enone tell her tale more in sorrow than in anger, Tennyson has appealed to the more modern, more Christian idea—

'To err is human, to forgive divine'

However modern in spirit the poem as a whole may appear, this detracts nothing from the beauty of its form, from the ruddy splendour or the pure severity of the colouring, from the music of the cadences and of the rhythm, and nothing from the 'weight of thought weightily expressed,' as in the speech of Herès.

NOTES

1. *Ida*, the mountain chain in Mysia which formed the south boundary of the district of Troas or Ilium. Its highest summits were *Cotylus* on the north, and *Gargarus* (about 5,000 feet high) on the south. Its upper slopes were well-wooded, while lower down were fertile fields and valleys; here were the sources of the rivers *Granicus*, *Scamander*, and *Aesepus*, and of many smaller streams. Hence the epithet 'many-fountain'd' *Ida*.

CENONE.

2. **Ionian hills**, the mountains of the neighbouring district of Ionia.

3. **swimming vapour**, mist slowly drifting; cf. 'High up the vapours fold and swim' (*Two Voices*).

4. **puts forth an arm**, projects a narrow strip of vapour, as a swimmer puts forward his arm.

9. **in cataract after cataract** The additional syllable in the first foot and in the third represent the repeated splash and motion of falling waters. Scan thus —

In cat|aract aft|er cat|aract to | the sea

10. **topmost Gargarus**, a classical idiom, cf. Lat. *summus mons*, 'topmost mountain,' or 'the top of the mountain.'

11. **takes the morning**, catches the first beams of the morning sun.

13. **Troas**, or 'the Troad,' the district surrounding the city of Troy.

14. **the crown of Troas**, the chief ornament and glory of Troas.

15. **forlorn of Paris**. Milton has this construction, *P. L.* x 921 —

"Forlorn of thee,

Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?"

16. **once her playmate**. In his boyhood Paris had lived on Ida with the shepherds. See Introduction.

17. **the rose**, i.e. its usual bloom. Cf. Bion, *Epitaph Adon*, 11, καὶ τὸ ῥόδον πέσσει τῷ χεῖλεσσι, 'and the rose of his lip flies.' Also Shaks *Mid. N. D.* I : 129

18. **or seem'd to float in rest**, or, though not in motion, seemed to move on the air, implying that it was loose and wavy.

19. **fragment**, part of a fallen pillar.

20. **to the stillness**, speaking to the silent landscape around.

21. **till cliff**, until the sun had sunk behind the hill, whose shadow crept gradually higher so as at last to reach the spot where Cenone was.

22. **mother Ida**. The earth and the mountains were often addressed as 'mother,' by a kind of personification, in Greek: cf. our 'mother country.'

many-fountain'd. The epithet is a translation of Homer's πολυπίδαξ: cf. Ἰδην πολυπίδακα, *Iliad* viii 47. In *Iliad* xiii 20, 23, these numerous fountains are enumerated by name. A refrain (i.e. a verse or verses repeated at intervals throughout a poem) is a striking characteristic of Theocritus and other Greek idyllic poets. Cf. the "Begin, dear muse, begin the wood-

land song" of Theocritus, which is repeated at the head of each fresh paragraph.

24. the noonday quiet. Cf Callimachus, *Lavacrum Palladis*, *μεταμερινα δ'εἰχ' ὅσος ἀσυχία*, 'but the noonday quiet held the hill.' This passage contains several points of resemblance to passages from the second and the seventh Idylls of Theocritus: cf.—

"For now the lizard sleeps upon the wall";

and "Lo now the sea is silent, and the winds
Are hushed Not silent is the wretchedness
Within my breast, but I am all aflame
With love of him who made me thus forlorn."

27. and dead This reading has been substituted in the latest editions for 'and the cicada sleeps'

30. my eyes love Cf. Shaks. 2 *Hen.* VI 2 —

"Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief"

36. cold crown'd. Cf. *τὸν ψυχρὸν ὄφιν*, 'the cold snake,' Theocr.; also the word *basilik*, literally 'the little king,' a snake with a hood like that of the cobra, supposed to resemble a king's crown. The crowns of snakes are often referred to in the folklore of many nations.

37. River-god, Kebren by name. See Introduction.

38. build up, make by my song a memorial of my sorrow. 'To build the lofty rhyme' occurs in Milton's *Lycidas*, and Spenser calls his *Epithalamium* 'an endless monument'; the metaphor is a common one in both Latin and Greek

39. as yonder walls shape, just as the walls of Troy rose slowly in obedience to the slow notes of Apollo's flute, like a cloud which, thin and unsubstantial at first, gradually assumes a solid and definite shape. Cf. the account of the building of Pandemonium.—

"Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet."

—Milton, *P. L.* i 710

So in *Typhonne* l. 63.—

"When Ilion like a mist rose into towers."

Cf. also:—

"Slow rose of breathed adamant the wall
Of Troy, as wave on wave of charmed sound
Hung crystal-fixed the holy centre round."—Thring.

Classical myths aver that the stones of the walls of Troy were charmed into their places by the sweet sound of Apollo's flute, when Jupiter condemned the Gods Apollo and Neptune to

serve Laomedon, King of Troas. A similar tale is told of the walls of Thebes, which rose to the music of Amphion's lyre.

43 **my heart woe**, I may be beguiled by my song into temporary forgetfulness of my bitter grief.

48 **dewy-dark**, dark with drops of dew. Tennyson has 'dewy-fresh,' 'dewy-glooming,' 'dewy-tassel'd,' and 'dewy-warm.'

• 49 **beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris** The fairness of Paris's outward form is contrasted with the baseness of his mind. Cf. *Δόσπαρι, εἶδος δριστε*, 'Evil Paris, most beautiful in form,' Hom. *Il.* iii. 39; cf. the Gk. *καλόπαρις, κακόπαρις*, 'beautiful-Paris, evil-Paris.'

50. **white hooved**. White-hoofed would be the more usual form. Similarly Tennyson writes *hooies* (for *hoofs*), *Lady of Shalott*, l. 101, his ear occasionally preferring the fuller sound.

51. **Simois** The rivers Simois and Scamander arise at two different points on Mount Ida and join in the plain of Troas, the united stream falling into the Hellespont

53 **called me**. In the stillness of the early dawn the sound of the torrent would be like a voice breaking the silence to address Enone

54. **solitary morning**, the high and remote morning light.

56 **white-breasted dawn**. The light of a star becomes white as the morning dawns. Cf. *The Princess*.—

"Morn in the white wake of the morning star."

And *Enid*.—

"The white and glittering star of morn."

57 **a leopard skin** So in Homer's description of Paris, *Iliad* iii. 17, which Pope translates, "a panther's speckled hide flow'd o'er his armour."

58. **sunny hair**. Cf. *Morte d'Arthur* —

"Bright and lustrous curls

That made his forehead like a rising sun"

Also Milton's description of Adam, *P. L.* iv. 301 —

"Hyacinthine locks

Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering"

60 **foam-bow**, a compound word formed on the model of *rainbow*. When the spray of the cataract is blown upwards by the wind and in falling forms a curved cascade, the sun shining on the drops of foam paints them with the prismatic colours of the rainbow. Cf. *Sea-farmer*. —

"The rainbow leaps on the falling wave."

and *The Princess* :—

"This flake of rainbow flying on the highest foam."

Cf. also Byron, *Childe Harold* iv. 640-5, and *Manfred* 2, 21.

62. went forth he came. As a host advances from the door to meet a welcome guest ere he reaches the house.

65. Hesperian gold, a golden apple such as grew in the fabulous gardens of the Hesperides, the Daughters of Night, who lived in islands at the extreme west of the then known world. One of the labours of Hercules was to steal these apples.

66. smelt ambrosially Ambrosia (cf. Skt. *amrita*), the food of the Greek Gods, was called *nectar* when made into drink; it was sometimes used as an unguent or perfume, as by Herè in Homer, *Iliad* xiv 170.

67. river of speech. In both Greek and Latin writers we find the comparison of speech to the flow of water cf. *ῥῶδὴ πέτρῃ*, Homer; *ῥέτα πέτῃ*, Hesiod; and *flumen orationis*, 'river of speech,' Cicero.

69. beautiful-brow'd, in reference to her 'married brows' mentioned below. my own soul, my dearest one of the Latin *anima mea*.

71. would seem, shows that it was probably meant for thee as being, etc

72. whatever Oread, a classical construction; equivalent to 'any Oread (or Mountain-Nymph) that haunts'

74. the charm of married brows, the attractive beauty of eyebrows that grow across the forehead till they meet each other. Meeting eyebrows were considered a great beauty by the ancient Greeks. cf. Anacreon xv 16, *συνόφρων βλέφαρων ἔριν κελαινῶν*, 'the dark arch of brows that meet,' and Theocritus viii 75, *συνόφρους κόρυς*, 'a girl with meeting eyebrows.' Ovid, in his *Art of Love* iii 201, talks of the habit which Roman ladies had of joining the ends of the eyebrows by a pencilled line. Cf. Juvenal, *Sat.* ii. 93. But meeting eyebrows are described as a special mark of ugliness in the *Katha Sarit Saṃgraha* (chap 20); and in modern Greece, as also in Icelandic and German folk-lore, they are regarded as a sign that a man is a vampire or a were-wolf.

76. the blossom of his lips, his lips that were sweet and soft and bright in colour as of a blossom flower.

78. full-faced . ranged, when the whole company of the Gods were ranked. *Full-faced* = 'not a face being absent,' or perhaps also in allusion to the majestic brows of the Gods: cf. "large-brow'd Verulam," also *The Palace of Art*, and "Full-faced above the valley stood the moon," *The Lotos-Eaters*.

80. 'twere due, it ought to be given.

81. **light-foot Iris** Homer calls Iris *πόδας ὠκεία*, 'swift of foot' She was the messenger of the Gods.

82. **delivering**, giving the message that Herè, etc.

85 **meed of fairest**, prize for being most beautiful.

86 **whispering tuft**, clusters of pines in whose branches the wind whispers.

87 **may'st well behold**, canst easily see whilst unseen thyself.

91 **lost his way** A single bright cloud had wandered apart from the other clouds between the pine-clad sides

94 **brake like fire**, burst out of the ground like tongues of flame; alluding to the fiery yellow-red colour of the crocus. Cf. *In Mem* lxxviii —

"Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,
Laburnum's dropping-wells of fire"

Sophocles has χρυσανθήs κρόκος, 'gold-gleaming crocus,' and Wordsworth (*Ru'h*) talks of flowers that *set the hills on fire*. This description recalls Homer, *Il* xiv. 346. —

"Thick new-born violets a carpet spread" (Pope),
and the succeeding lines. Also cf Milton, *P. L* iv. 692-703

95 **amaracus**, the modern *margoram*, an aromatic fragrant plant. **asphodel**, a lily-shaped plant, the roots of which were eaten; often mentioned by Greek authors. Homer, *Od* ii. 539, describes the shades of heroes as haunting an asphodel meadow. Milton, *P. L* ix. 1040, has "Pansies, and violets, and asphodel."

99 **ran riot**, grew in straggling luxuriance

102 **crested peacock**. The crested peacock (Lat. *pavo cristatus*), the male bird, was sacred to Herè and Juno.

103 **golden cloud**, gold coloured cloud. The Gods are described by Homer, *Il* xiii. 523, as sitting on golden clouds. See also the passage from *Il* xiv. 343 alluded to above, l 94, Note. Herè retires into this cloud when Paris has made his award

105. **the voice of her**, the voice of Herè, the gold-throned Queen of Heaven

107. **the Gods rise up**. So in Homer, *Iliad* xv. 85, the gods rise up at Herè's approach; as also in honour of Zeus, *Il*. i. 532.

111 **to embellish state**, to decorate the lordly position with grand surroundings.

112. **river-sunder'd champaign**, plain intersected by rivers. Cf "Champaigns riched with plenteous rivers," Shaks., *Lear*, i. l. 68.

113 **labour'd mine** . ore, mines which no amount of labour can exhaust of their ore. See *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, l 146, Note.

114. **honour—homage**. Some verb must be supplied here, such as 'I proffer.'

116 **mast-throng'd towers**, whose still harbour waters, surrounded by tall towers, are crowded with masts under the shadow of her citadel.

120 **which of all**, which all men aim at in every active endeavour.

121. **fitted to the season**, adapted to deal suitably with each special crisis.

wisdom-bred and throned of wisdom Power that springs from and is trained by wisdom (and not from mere brute force), and that is raised to its lofty position by the wisdom with which it is exercised. Lowell, *Prometheus*, says, "True power was never born of brutish strength."

124 **fall from the sceptre-staff**, weakened by age, becomes unable any longer to wield the sceptre.

126 **a shepherd yet king-born** See Introduction

127 **should come Gods**, ought to be a most welcome offer (both from the appropriateness of the gift as coming from a queen and being given to a king's son, and) because it is only in the possession of power that men can be like the Gods

129 **quiet seats** Cf. Lucretius, *De Rerum Nat*, in. 18, "sedesque quietae Quas neque concutunt venti"

130 **above the thunder**. See the description at the conclusion of *The Lotos-Eaters*, also *Lucretius*.—

"The Gods, who haunt

The lucid interspace of world and world
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans"

134 **out at arm's-length**, as if to give it to Heiê.

135 **flatter'd his spirit**, gratified his ambitious thoughts, or, took his fancy

136. **clear, bright and spotless**. o'erthwarted, crossed,—frequently used by Chaucer, also by Dryden, Milton, and Clarendon.

137. **brazen-headed** The Greek word χαλκός, generally translated *brass*, denoted a kind of *bronze* metal.

138. **pearly**, an epithet suggestive of whiteness and coldness. Observe the absence of colour and warmth in this picture of the

goddess of chastity ; contrast the warm colouring in the succeeding description of Aphroditè, the goddess of love.

140 **angry cheek**, angry because of the effect which Herè's tempting offer of mere power seems to have on Paris

142 **self-reverence** consequence. This is among the best known and oftenest quoted passages in Tennyson's poems. Pallas here answers the persuasive arguments of Herè by asserting that power in its truest and noblest sense does not mean regal sway over others, but mastery and government of self.

144. **yet not** . consequence, yet though I talk of power, the object of life should not be mere power, for power comes of her own accord to the true liver without his seeking it ; but real wisdom consists in living in obedience to law and to fixed principles of duty, in carrying these principles fearlessly into action, and in doing what is right for its own sake, regardless of the immediate results. Cf *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, ll 201-5 —

“ Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory :
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self ——— ”

151. **sequel** . **fairer**. No gift that I could offer, to be won by your award, could enhance my beauty. Look at me with eyes unseduced by bribes such as Herè's offer of power, and you will see that I am essentially the fairest.

154. **yet, indeed** **perfect freedom**.” But if, as it may be, your eyes, dazzled by the bright beauty of unveiled goddesses, are unable to distinguish true fairness without being influenced by a bribe, this much will I promise you, that, my claim being acknowledged, I will be your close and constant friend ; so that, invigorated by my influence, you shall be filled with energy and enthusiasm sufficient to urge you through the storms and perils of a life of great deeds, until your powers of endurance become strengthened by frequent trial, and your will, grown to maturity, after experiencing every variety of trial, and having become identical with the absolute rule (of duty), find perfect freedom in willing obedience to that rule

The sentiment of this fine passage is illustrated in Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty*. See also the second collect, morning prayer, in the *Church of England Book of Common Prayer*, “ O God whose service is perfect freedom.”

167. **or hearing would not hear**, or though he heard my words would not take heed of them.

170. **Idalian Aphroditè** beautiful. *Idalian* = from *Idalum*, a

town in Cyprus, sacred to Aphrodite. She is also called Cypriis and Cypria from Cyprus

171. **fresh as the foam.** 'Aphrodite' means 'foam-born' (Gk. *ἀφρός*, *foam*). She is said to have risen out of the waves of the sea. See the description of Aphrodite towards the end of *The Princess* :—

"When she came
From barren deeps to conquer all with love."

Paphian wells. Paphos, a town in Cyprus, where Aphrodite is said to have first landed after her birth from the waves. Hence she is sometimes styled *Paphia*.

172. **rosy** Observe the warmth and colour of this description in the epithets—*rosy* fingers, *warm* brows, *golden* hair, *lucal* throat, *rosy-white* feet, *glowing* sunlights

174. **ambrosial.** An epithet often used by Homer of the hair of the gods, it means 'of heavenly fragrance,' cf. above, "that smelt ambrosially."

golden, gleaming like gold Homer frequently styles Aphrodite "the golden"

180 **subtle triumph** The sly, meaning smile showed how confident she was of victory, she knew well the kind of gift that would most tempt Paris

184 **laugh'd.** Aphrodite is often styled *φειλομειδής*, *laughter-loving*, by Homer

185. **raised his arm,** in order to give the apple to Aphrodite.

188. **I am alone,** i.e. 'I have been and still am alone.'

192. **am I not fair?** Cf Theocr xx 19 20 —

"O shepherds, tell the truth ' Am I not fair? "

193 **my love,** he whom I love, Paris. cf *Lat. nostræ amor*

195 **wanton star,** a wild leopard, full of frolic and with bright soft eyes like the light of the evening star

197. **crouch'd fawning.** The influence of beauty, or, more often, of chastity, in taming wild beasts is alluded to by poets, ancient and modern. Thus in the Homeric hymn to Aphrodite, the goddess is fawned upon by "wolves grisly grey and leopards swift"; cf. also Una and her lion in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*.

202 **whirling Simois,** the river was full of eddies produced by the curving banks

204. **my tallest pines** Ceneone calls the pines her own because she knew and loved them so well; Oreads, like Dryads, tended the trees. The pines were cut down to make ships for Paris's expedition to Sparta. Ida supplied wood to Troy for many purposes, funeral pyres, etc.; see Homer, *Il.* xviii. 117.

205. **plumed**, formed a crest upon, as feathers upon a helmet ;
cf. *Enid* 316 —

“A shattered archway plumed with fern.”

206 **blue gorge**, the narrow ravine full of purple shadow.

208. **foster'd**, held the nests of the unfledged eaglet. For
callow, cf. Lat. *calvus*, Skt *khalati*.

215. **trembling stars**. The twinkling of the stars is compared
with the vibration produced in a body by any loud sound. Cf.
‘tingling stars,’ *Morte d'Arthur*, l 199.

220 **the Abominable**, Eris, the goddess of strife. See Intro-
duction

223 **bred**, originated.

229. **ev'n on this hand**, sworn by this hand of mine ; or
sworn, taking my hand in his own

230. **seal'd it**. Has he not ratified the oath by kisses and
tears ?

239 **pass before**, throw thy shadow upon.

242 **fiery thoughts**, thoughts of revenge.

244. **catch the issue**, apprehend the result.

250 **never child be born** She shudders at the notion of having
a child by Paris. Some accounts say that her child was born and
named Corythus.

251 **to vex me**, to remind me, by his resemblance to his
father, of his father's treachery.

254 **their shrill happy laughter**, the loud joyous laughter of
Paris and Helen

256. **ancient love**, former lover, Paris.

259. **Cassandra**, daughter of Priam She was gifted by
Apollo with the power of prophesying the truth, with the draw-
back that her predictions should never be believed. When she
predicted to the Trojans the siege and destruction of their city,
they shut her up in prison as a mad woman On the fall of
Troy she became the slave of Agamemnon, and was murdered
along with her master by his wife Clytemnestra.

260. **a fire dances**. Cf Cassandra's speech in *Æschylus*,
Agamemnon, 1256 : *παῖ, ὅς το πῦρ ἐτρέφεται δέ μοι*, “Ah me,
the fire, how it comes upon me now”

264. **all earth .. fire**. Cf. Webster, *Duchess of Malft*, iv 2 :

“The heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass ; —
The earth of flaming sulphur.”

THE LOTOS-EATERS.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS poem was first published in 1832. In Homer's *Odyssey* ix. 82, a description is given of Ulysses's arrival in his wanderings, at the land of the Lotos-eaters: "But on the tenth day we set foot on the land of the Lotos-eaters, who feed on food of flowers. And there we set foot on shore and drew us water. And forthwith my ship-mates took their noonday meal by the swift ships. But when we had tasted our food and drink, I sent forward ship-mates to go and ask what manner of men they might be who lived in the land by bread, having picked out two men and sent a third with them to be a herald. And they went their way forthwith and mixed with the Lotos-eaters; so the Lotos-eaters plotted not-harm to our ship-mates, but gave them of lotos to eat. But whoever of them ate the honey-sweet fruit of the lotos, no longer was he willing to bring back tidings or to come back; but there they wished to abide, feeding on the lotos with the Lotos-eaters, and all forgetful of home."

This lotos is an African plant, known as the *Cyrenean lotus*. It is a low thorny shrub, and is still prized at Tunis and Tripoli, under the name of *jube*.

"It may be fanciful, but we have often thought that, as Mr. Tennyson was indebted to Homer for the suggestion of *The Lotos-Eaters*, so he must have been fresh from the study of Bion and Moschus when he sate himself down to the composition of that delicious poem. In two of their exquisite fragments are to be found all those qualities which characterise Mr. Tennyson's poem—its languid and dreamy beauty, its soft and luscious verse, its tone, its sentiment." (J. C. C., in the *Cornhill Magazine*, July, 1880). See the passages beginning *eis πόρον ἃ δειλοί* in Bion, *Idyll* iv., and *καὶ πόρος ἐστὶ θάλασσα* in Moschus, *Idyll* v.

"With Bion and Moschus we cannot but think that he must have been lingering over Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*." (J. C. C.) See the passages —

"Was nought around but images of rest ———"

"Meantime unnumbered streamlets played ———"

"A pleasant land of drowsied it was ———"

in *The Castle of Indolence*

In *The Lotus-Eaters* Tennyson gives dramatic expression to that mood of weary disgust in which doubts will force themselves on the mind whether life has any prize to offer worth the toil and trouble of winning.

NOTES.

1. **he said**, he, the leader of the expedition, Ulysses.

3. **in the afternoon**. So in Theocritus, *Id xii*, the Argonauts came in the afternoon to a land where they cut "sharp flower-ingrass and galingale" See below.

4. **always afternoon**, with none of the fresh briskness of morning

5. **swoon**, he motionless as in a faint.

6. **breathing**, with the heavy sighing sound of a man dreaming a tedious dream.

8. **Like a downward smoke**. Thin as a streak of mist, the stream seemed to fall and to rest a moment ere it fell to the next ledge of rock. Perhaps this is the poet's recollection of the Staubbach Falls at Lauterbrunnen.

along the cliff . did seem "What a delicately true picture have we here—where we feel also the poet's remarkable faculty of making word and rhythm an echo and auxiliary of the sense. Not only have we the three caesuras respectively after 'fall' and 'pause' and 'fall,' but the length and soft amplitude of the vowel sounds with liquid consonants aid in the realization of the picture, reminding of Milton's beautiful, 'From morn To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve, A summer's day'" (Roden Noel, in *The Contemporary Review*)

9 **slow-dropping lawn**, letting fall with slow motion gauze-like veils of mist. On the stage the appearance of a stream falling in a cloud of foam-flakes is actually represented by allowing an almost transparent piece of lawn or gauze to droop from above. This fact was pointed out to Tennyson by a critic, who observed "Mr Tennyson should not go to the boards of a theatre, but to nature herself, for his suggestions." Tennyson had, as a fact, sketched this picture from nature herself, while on a tour in the Pyrenees, it being his custom, as he himself has told us, to chronicle "in four or five words or more, whatever might strike me as picturesque in nature." Mist is again compared to a veil in *In Mem. lxi*,

"The mist is drawn,
A lucid veil, from coast to coast"

12. **some through broke** Some streams suddenly appeared crossed with flickering bars of light or shadow.

13. **slumberous sheet of foam**, a lazily-moving sheet of foam

16. **aged snow**, snow that has lain unmelted for many years

18. **up-clomb the shadowy pine**. The line of dark pine-trees stretched up the sides of the hill, standing out above the matted

brush-wood. *Clomb* is the O. E. form of the preterite of *climb*, *clamb* is also found.

19 **charmed sunset**. The light of the setting sun seemed to be enchanted by the beauty of the landscape, and to be loth to leave it

21. **yellow down**, the low hills covered with the yellow lotus. *Down* is derived from O. E. *dun*, a hill

23 **set with**, planted with. **galingale**, a sweet-smelling marsh plant with light green flowers.

24 **seemed the same**, seemed unaffected by change.

25. **the keel**, the ship, part for the whole cf. Lat *carina*

26. **pale flame** Their dark faces seemed pale with the rosy light of the sunset behind them.

32 **far shores**, seemed to sound with sad and angry voice upon distant unknown shores; the sound of the waves no longer reminded them of their island-home across the sea.

34 **thin grave**, feeble as the voices of ghosts

36. **his beating heart** He heard the pulsations of his own heart cf. Lord Houghton —

"And the beating of my own heart was all the sound I heard."

37. **sat them down**. *Them* is here grammatically in the dative case, commonly called the 'dative of interest,' or the 'ethic dative'. cf. 'hie thee home,' 'fare thee well'

38 **between the sun and moon** Since the sun set in the west in front of them, the moon rose behind them.

42 **wandering foam**, as opposed to the *stationary* fields of *fruitful* crops on land. Cf *In Mem.* vi, 'wandering grave' (of the sea).

CHORIC SONG

I.

Choric song, a song sung by the whole company

47. **blown roses**, full-blown, and so shedding their petals.

49 **in a gleaming pass**, in a mountain pass where the light is faintly reflected from the bright particles of mica and quartz in the granite of the rocks.

50. **gentler on the spirit lies** Cf. Moschus, *Idyll* 11 3 —

"When sleep that sweeter on the eyelids lies
Than honey, and doth fetter down the eye
With gentle band."

With the whole of this song may be compared Theocritus, *Idyll* v., and Moschus, *Idyll* v.

55. **long-leaved flowers weep**, the water flowers droop their long leaves like the branches of a *weeping* willow.

II

61. **the first of things** Cf. the Greek *τὰ πρῶτα* and the Latin *prima* (e.g. *prima viorum*) denoting the noblest and best.

still, continually

63. **slumber's holy balm**. Sleep is considered holy because from its innocence, harmlessness, and healing power it should be looked on as sacred. Shakespere calls sleep "balm of hurt minds," and "innocent" in *Macbeth*.

69. **the roof and crown**, we, who are the highest and most finished product of nature.

III.

71 **the folded branch** The leaf is gently enticed from the folding compass of the bud by the soft airs blowing around the branch

73 **and takes no care**, without forethought or anxiety of its own

73 **fast rooted**, not moved about as we have been. If leaf, fruit, and flower toil not, but are born, grow, and die without trouble, why should we toil?

76 **adown**, generally an adverb = downwards, here used as a preposition; from O. E. *af-dune*, from the hill

78 **waxing**, growing; *wax* is from the same root as the Skt *vaj*, and Lat *ag-or*

IV

85. **vaulted o'er**, covering the sea as if with an arched roof

86 **death is the end of life** Since death will soon close our life, why should we not enjoy that life while it lasts? Cf Bible (*Revised Version*), 1 Cor xv 32, "If the dead are not raised, let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

88. **let us alone**, leave us here in peace. The present tense, 'are,' states the usual lot and gives vividness and intensity

91. **all things dreadful past**. We can take nothing with us from this world, we must leave behind us all our hopes, deeds, and possessions, which will soon sink down into the gloomy abyss of the past, and be lost to us for ever. Cf Lucretius, *De Rerum Nat.*, in 914, "Short is this enjoyment for poor weak men, presently it will be over, and never after may it be called back."

93. **what pleasure evil?** We can derive no pleasure from the toilsome struggle against wrong.

95. climbing up the climbing wave, mounting to the crest of the waves that rise up as the ship rises. Cf. *St. Agnes' Eve* —

"Still creeping with the creeping hours."

99. were, would be; the subjunctive mood denotes that the circumstances exist as yet only in the speaker's imagination.

V.

102. **amber** myrrh-bush, those golden sunset hues which seem loth to fade from the myrrh-bush which they light up. Cf. above, l 19. "The charmed sunset lingered low adown."

106 **crisping ripples**, wavelets that curl over at the edges
Cf *Charnel*, "The bubbling runnel crispeth" Milton has 'crisped
brooks' Lat *crispus*, curled

107. **tender spray**, lines of soft white foam that gently curve

109. mild-minded melancholy, tranquil pensiveness

111. **old faces**, the familiar well-remembered faces of the friends of our childhood, now dead and gone

113. **urn of brass.** "Cinerary urns are described by Homer as being made of gold; see *Il.* 23, 92 and *Od.* 24, 74. Roman urns were generally made of marble, alabaster, or baked clay.

VI

117 **are cold** are not ready to welcome us with warm comfort. To the ancient Greeks and Romans the hearth was the symbol of family life and home affections. It was coupled with the altar as in the phrase "*pro aris et focis*," which was used to express attachment to all that was most venerable and most dear.

118 **inherit** *us*, have succeeded to our possessions; **inherit** is more commonly used with an objective of the thing gained by inheritance.

119. and we should come Cf. *In Memoriam*, xc —

“He tasted love with half his mind

who first could fling
This bitter seed among mankind.

That could the dead, whose dying eyes
Were closed with wail, resume their life,
They would but find in child and wife
An iron welcome when they rise "

120 island princes, the princes of the islands near our home. See the account of the princes from the islands of Samos, Dulichium, and Zacynthos, who were suitors to Penelope, Odysseus's wife, in Homer, *Odys.* i.

eat. In the *Ormulum* (13th century) the preterite and past participle of *eat* is written *ett*

121 **the minstrel.** As Phemius, the court-minstrel, sings to the suitors, *Odys* i

125 **Let remain,** let the disorder remain, we have no heart to check it.

126 **the Gods reconcile,** the gods are difficult to propitiate by prayers and offerings

132 **pilot-stars.** The pole star and the other stars by which the helmsman steers his course

VII.

133 **amaranth,** a fabulous unfading flower. Milton, *P. L.* iii. 354, has "Immortal amarant"

moly, a fabulous plant of magic potency—

"Black was the root, but milky-white the flower"

—given by Hermes to Odysseus as a counter-charm to the enchanted draught of Circe. See Homer, *Odys* x 305, and Milton, *Comus* 636

134 **lowly,** as an adverb, occurs also in *The Lady of Shalott*, l 146.

135 **still,** motionless.

136 **dark and holy,** shaded with clouds and wrapt in a religious calm

139. **dewy echoes,** perhaps 'echoes heard in the dewy eventide,' or 'sounding softly from the dripping caves'

142. **acanthus,** a plant with graceful pendant leaves, whose shape is reproduced in the ornamental sculpture on the capitals of Corinthian columns **divine,** because of its beauty.

144 **only to hear,** not to approach the sea, but only to listen to the sleepy ~~drone~~ of the tide in the distance.

VIII

147. **mellow,** seeming softer and sweeter as the day goes on

148. **alley,** lane or avenue. Cf Milton, *Comus* 311 —

"I know each lane and every alley green"

149 From this point down to line 174 the metre is trochaic, the accent falling on the first syllable of each foot, while each line has either six or seven feet with an extra hypermetrical syllable

spicy, fragrant

151 **seething free**, while the waves were wildly boiling

152 **foam-fountains**. The whale can spout up water to a great height

153 **equal mind**, sedate, unchanging determination. Cf. Hor. *Od.* ii. 3 1 —

*Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem.*

154. **hollow**, full of valleys

155. **careless of mankind**, heedless of man and his woes
This was the Epicurean notion of the gods See Lucretius, *De Rerum Nat.* iii. 18 24 With the whole of this description may be compared the Song of the Fates, repeated by Iphigene at the end of the fourth act of Goethe's *Iphigene auf Tauris* —

“Sie aber, sie bleiben
In ewigen Festen —”

156 **the bolts**, the thunderbolts of Zeus.

158 **golden houses**. The epithet ‘golden’ is often used by Homer of the gods and all their belongings

gleaming world, the star-lit heavens that surround the abode of the gods

160. **roaring deeps and fiery sands**, the ocean with its storms, the desert with its burning sands, ready to destroy us wretched mortals

162. **they find a music**, etc The sighs and groans of men combine into a pleasant harmony to their ears Cf Wordsworth's “The still sad music of humanity.”

163 **steaming up**, rising, like a smoke, to heaven **ancient tale of wrong**, an old and oft repeated story of the evils that befall mankind.

164 **like a tale strong**, affecting their careless ears no more than

“ a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.”—Shaks *Macbeth*, v 5 26

167 **little dues**, the small returns they get for their labour in field, vineyard, or olive garden

169. **Elysian valleys**, the valleys of Elysium, the Greek heaven; described by Homer in *Odys* iv 563.

170 **asphodel**. See Note to *Cenone*, l 95.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS poem was first published in 1832, but it has since undergone considerable alteration at its author's hands. Its diction, as we have it, is highly wrought and polished, and its style is elaborately brilliant. Tennyson's "~~avoidance of the common-place~~" is illustrated in this, perhaps, more than in any other of his poems. Thus he writes "argent" (l. 158) rather than "silver," "orbs" (l. 171) rather than "eyes," while in the note to l. 113 will be found a crowning example of the same tendency. In *Poems by Two Brothers* occurs one entitled *Antony and Cleopatra*, which is probably by Tennyson, and which seems to show that the subject of "the Egyptian" was one that had impressed his imagination even in his boyish days. She and Jephthah's daughter form the chief heroines of the *Dream*. The clear-cut outlines of the two figures, placed side by side, are thrown out with an almost startling distinctness by the striking contrast between them with their surroundings, as depicted in the poem—the one, "a queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes," and the other, "a maiden pure." The portrait of Cleopatra, however, is more elaborately drawn than that of the other, and is the most highly finished of the whole gallery.

Dr. Bayne (*Lessons from my Master*) calls the *Dream of Fair Women* one of Tennyson's masterpieces, and declares that none of his poems is more characteristic, while there are few, if any, that are more splendid. "It would," he continues, "be one of those poems to which I should refer if I were asked to name a number of pieces illustrative of the superiority of the pictorial art that works with words to the pictorial art that works with colour."

NOTES

1. eyelids . shade Cf. *The Talking Oal*.—"Her eyelids dropt their silken eaves."

2. "The Legend Women," a poem by Chaucer, in a prologue and nine legends, celebrating Cleopatra, Thais, Dido, Hypsipyle and Medea, Lucrece, Ariadne, Philomela, Phillis, and Hyperminestra. Cleopatra is thus the only one of Chaucer's women portrayed by Tennyson. The "goodness" of these "famous brides of ancient song" consisted mainly in their faithfulness to husbands who were faithless to them.

3 **the morning star of song.** Chaucer (1328-1400) is called the morning star of poetry because he is the first of the great English poets, and heralded, as it were, the approach of the rest. See Denham, *Elegy on Couley* —

“Old Chaucer, like the morning-star,
To us discovers day from far.”

who made below, who made his “music of the spheres” audible on earth; who delighted mankind with his sublime, “heaven-descended” strains.

5 **Dan Chaucer.** *Dan* is the Span *don*, from Lat. *dominus*, lord, master, sir; a title of honour originally applied to monks and afterwards used familiarly or sportively, as here Shakespeare (*L L L* iii. 182) has “Dan Cupid,” and Spenser writes (of Geoffrey Chaucer) —

“Old Dan Geoffry, in whose gentle spright
The pure well-head of poetry did dwell.”

warble. To *warble* is to sing as a bird, to carol. Hence it is applied to natural and spontaneous, as opposed to artistic and elaborate, poetry. So Milton, *L'Allegro*, 133, 134 —

“Or sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.”

whose sweet still, whose poetry formed an introduction to those outpourings of verse (alluding to Spenser, Sidney, Shakespeare, etc.) of which the glorious age of Queen Elizabeth is full, and which we still read and admire. The “times” are “spacious” not on account of their length, but because they give room to so many great persons (poets, statesmen, etc.) and mighty events

9 **the knowledge tears** My appreciation of the poet's skill kept me from entering into and distinctly apprehending the subject-matter of his poem, though at the same time those strange stories affected me with the deepest pity.

15. **beauty and anguish.** I saw that everywhere it was the fate of beautiful women to undergo wrong and suffering; beauty was always accompanied by anguish and led to death. Cf. Byron, *Childe Harold*, iv. 42 —

“The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past ———”

(a passage which is a free translation of Filicaja's *Sonnet to Italy*)

17. **brides of ancient song,** Chaucer's heroines · see note to 1 2

18 **peopled stars** The dark void of my slumber was filled with the images of these women, conspicuous for their beauty and their wrongs.

19. **insult . wars.** The *insults*, etc., were inflicted on these women, and the wars were on their account.

21. **clattering . hoofs** Notice how the sound echoes the sense in this line. See notes to *Morte d'Arthur*, ll. 50, 69, 138.

22 **crowds, : e** crowds of women who had taken refuge in the temples

27 **the tortoise.** The "tortoise" (Lat *testudo*) was a sort of shield with a strong roof overlaid with raw hides, which was placed upon rollers, and under shelter of which besiegers could approach the walls of a fortress they wished to batter or undermine. Originally it consisted of shields held locked together by a body of men over their heads, and so presented the appearance of the shell of a tortoise. The besieged tried to crush the "tortoise" by hurling heavy masses of stone or masonry upon it. See Caesar, *Bell Gall*, v 43, Virgil, *Æneid* ii 440-449

29 **burst fire.** The blasts of hot air that precede the advancing flames come rushing through the temple-doors (see l. 22) as they give way before the conflagration.

33 **squadrons and squares** *Squadron* is formed, with the suffix *-one*, from *It squadra*, which again is the same word as the Eng *square*, and both are from Lat (*ex*)*quadrare*, which is from *quadrus* (for *quaterus*), four-cornered, formed from *quatuor*, four **brazen plates**, armour composed of plates of metal

34. **scaffolds.** The poet had probably in his mind's eye the fate of such women as Mary Queen of Scots and Lady Jane Grey

still sheets of water, such as those into which the women of Turkish harems, suspected of faithlessness, were thrown

divers woes, various calamities *Divers* is the old Fr masc, of which the fem is *diverse* (Lat. *diversus*, various)

37 **so shape** etc. "When a man is wide awake he thinks and imagines connectedly; when he is deep asleep his dreams have again a dream-like coherence and consistency, in the interval between perfect wakefulness and perfect sleep image follows image without definable bond of connexion" (Bayne).

38 **bluster way** The tide is running landwards and the wind is blowing in the same direction, so that the waves break the more violently.

39. **crisp spray.** The foam-flakes are torn by the wind from the edge of the surf and go flying along the beach. For **crisp** see *The Lotos-Eaters*, l 106, and note

41. **I started' : start.** Cf *Ænone*, l 18; and Virgil's *Aut videt aut vidisse putat*, 'He sees or thinks he sees'; and Milton's (*P. L.* i. 713) 'sees, or dreams he sees.'

43. **as when . check.** As when the impulse to do a noble

deed suddenly courses through the brain and sends the blood surging into the cheeks; so I started in my sleep with a sense of pain at what I saw, being determined to perform some heroic action on behalf of these suffering women, and tried to vent my indignation in words

46 **saddle-bow**, the arched front of the ancient saddle.

47. **leaguer'd**, i.e., beleaguered, besieged. *Germ lager*, a camp

49 **all those sleep** Hitherto the writer has been but dozing, and the imagery of his dream has been painful and confused; but now sleep is gaining the mastery, and the old painful imagery becomes softened and tranquillised into an orderly procession of scenes and events. The metaphor is from a torrent which rolls the stones that it carries with it against one another and so makes them round and smooth, till at last they rest in the bed of the lake or the river into which the torrent falls

54 **fresh-wash'd . . blue** Clear and bright in the dewy morning air, the fresh pure light of the morning star (Venus) throbbed (or pulsated) in the deep steady blue of the sky

57. **boles, stems, trunks.** Cf *boul* and *ball*.

58 **dusky**, dark with the shadow of the overhanging boughs

59 **fledged sheath.** As young birds with downy feathers, so the branches were covered with fresh green leaves newly-burst from the bud. Cf *The Lotos-Eaters*, iii 2, and note.

61 **the dim again.** In the "unblessful clime" of his dream the morning light, dim and red (as when seen through a mist), had faded away almost as soon as it appeared, and only sent a few chill and cheerless gleams across the glimmering plain beneath. The morn is represented as having half fallen, never again to rise, as she slept across the eastern horizon, the threshold of the sun—thus figuring the incomplete and ineffectual day-break

70 **festooning tree**, joining tree to tree by their trailing wreaths.

71 **lush**, luxuriant in growth. *Lush* is short for *lushion*, which, again, is a corruption of *lustious*, formed by adding the suffix *-ous* to *lusty* (Skeat). Cf. Shaks *Temp* ii 1. 52 — "How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!"

72 **anemone**, the wind-flower (Gk *anemos*, the wind).

73 **I knew**, etc. The landscape of his dream seemed familiar to him in all its details, he recognised everything as having seen it before in the gay and innocent days of his youth. Perhaps the poet means that the scene recalled the well-remembered features

of the fen districts of Lincolnshire, where he was born and lived as a boy

74 the tearful dawn, the dank, dewy twilight of the faint, dull dawn

78 empty, vacant, and so ready to receive any new impressions. It is well known that a scent will often bring vividly back to the mind some old scene or event

83 within call, within calling distance.

87 a daughter of the gods. Helen was the daughter of Jupiter and Leda. For *divinely tall*, cf *Princess*, Prologue, "Her stature more than mortal" So Ovid (*Fast* 2 503) describes Romulus as *pulchri et humano major*, 'beautiful and of more than human size'

89 her loveliness speech. Her beauty so abashed and surprised me that it prevented me from uttering the words of admiration that rose quickly to my lips

91 the star-like eyes, the calm, pathetic looks of sorrow coming from divinely-beautiful eyes

92 in her place, in the place where she was standing

94 no one destiny Fate ordered my life for me, and no one can alter or amend what fate decrees

95 many died, &c in the Trojan war, fighting on Helen's account

99 free, readily, boldly

100. one, &c Iphigenia, the daughter of Agamemnon, the leader of the Greek army in the Trojan war. When the Greek fleet, on its way to Troy, was detained by contrary winds at Aulis, in order to appease the gods Iphigenia was sacrificed to Artemis

101 sick, full of disgust and loathing

106 which men, etc This line originally stood —

"Which yet to name my spirit loathes and fears."

The change has apparently been made that there might be no doubt what the "sad place" was. *Iron years* means 'times when men were harsh and cruel'

109 my voice dream, my voice was choked with my sobs, as people in dreams try to speak and cannot Cf *Lotos-eaters*, l 8

111. with wolfish eyes They hungered impatiently for her death, that they might continue their voyage. See note to l 100.

113 'the high masts more. The masts "flicker" and the

crowds, etc., "waver," because her eyes were misty with tears. "The bright death" is the flashing knife-blade, the effect being put for the cause. When first published (1830), this stanza ran thus.—

"The tall masts flicker'd as they lay afloat;
The temples, and the people, and the shore;
One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat,
Slowly—and nothing more."

117 a downward brow, a brow bent towards the ground. Cf. ° Gk. *καταφής*, downcast.

120 my home, the palace of Menelaus at Lacedaemon, which she left in order to accompany Paris to Troy

121 her slow sea Her words, slowly and clearly articulated, fell upon the silence with that startling distinctness with which the first heavy raindrops of a thunderstorm fall upon a tranquil and motionless sea

124 That I, etc Cf. l. 131, which explains this line

125 rise, bank, knoll

126. one, i. e. Cleopatra, queen of Egypt Mark Antony repudiated Octavia for her, and the battle of Actium followed (B. C. 31), in which he was defeated by Augustus Caesar. Hearing that Cleopatra was dead, he stabbed himself, but was afterwards carried into her presence, and died in her arms She then attempted to fascinate Augustus ("that cold-blooded Caesar") with her charms, as she had fascinated Julius Caesar previously, but, not succeeding, she killed herself by the bite of an asp, and so deprived Augustus of the glory of carrying her as a captive in his triumphal procession ("With a worm I balked his fame")

128 brow-bound gold, with a tiara of sparkling gold round her brows Cf. Shelley, *Prometheus Unbound*, l.—

"And thine omnipotence a crown of pain,
To cling like burning gold round thy dissolving brain,"

—where the torture of the red-hot iron band or crown is alluded to.

130 'I govern'd moods,' I governed men in all their moods because I could easily change and accommodate myself to them. Cf. Shaks. *A' and C.* ii 2 240, 241 —

"Age cannot wither her nor custom stale
Her infinite variety"

132 Like the moon flow As the tides follow the moon's changes, so men's passions were subject to my wishes and caprices Cf. Ford, *Witch of Edmonton*, ii. 2.—

"You are the powerful moon of my blood's sea,
To make it ebb and flow into my face,
As your looks change."

137. 'nay--yet, etc. She corrects her previous statement; there is another thing that annoys her, viz., that her charms had no power over Augustus. See note to l. 128.

139. *prythee* or *pruthee* is a fusion of 'pray thee,' which is for 'I pray thee'

141 with whom neck. They were superior to fortune, and commanded all the gifts that she could bestow. Cf Milton, *Sonnet to Cromwell*.—

"On the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies "

Sublime means 'aloft,' 'on high' (Lat. *sublimis*, lofty)

143. the Nilus nod. The river Nile overflows its banks during a fixed period every year "At our nod," at our bidding Cf Lat *nigmer*, 'nod,' and so 'command, will'

145. 'we drank sleep "Libyan," i.e. African, or here Egyptian Cf Shaks *A. and C* ii 4 21 —

"*Cleo* I drank him (Antony) to his bed "

146 out-burned Canopus, were brighter than the star Canopus, a brilliant star of the first magnitude in the rudder of Argo, a constellation of the southern hemisphere. It was so called either from the old Egyptian city Canopus or from an Egyptian god of that name.

148 the strife, 'lovers' quarrels', cf Shaks *A. and C.* ii. 4.
18.20 —

"*Oleo* That time—O times '—
I laughed him out of patience, and that night
I laughed him into patience."

150 my Hercules, my valiant hero. There is also an allusion to Antony's fondness for imitating Hercules, from whom he claimed to be descended. Antony would sometimes figure as Hercules, while Cleopatra took the part of Omphale. See Shaks *A and C* ii 4 22-23, and i 3 84, where Cleopatra calls him "this Herculean Roman."

151 my mailed Bacchus He was clad in armour, as being
just back from war *Bacchus* combines the notions of boon-
companion at our potations (see l. 145) and of youthful lover,
since *Bacchus* was the god of wine, and was also "ever fair and
young" (Dryden). He was also the conqueror of India. "My
mailed *captain*" was the original reading.

153 there he died, & he did indeed die there See note to
l. 126

when I heard other; when I heard him utter my name with his latest breath, I would not endure the fear I had of Augustus's intentions, and so was determined to die

155. **with a worm fame** See note to l. 126. Cleopatra (Shaks. *A. and C.* v. 2 243) calls the asp "the pretty *worm* of Nilus." Milton (*P. L.* ix. 1068) calls the serpent "that false *worm*."

156 **what left?** i. e. for me to do; cf. Shaks. *A. and C.* iv 15 23-26.

158. **polished argent**, the surface of her breast, white and smooth as burnished silver (Lat. *argentum*) See Introduction, and cf. Euripides, *Hecuba*, 558-561

160 **aspick's**. *Aspic* is the Provençal form of the old Fr *aspe* (Gr. *ἀσπίς*). Shakespere (*A. and C.* v 2 296, 354) also has *aspick*, perhaps by assimilation to *basilisk*

161 **a Queen**, i. e. retaining all my queenly dignity and state See Shakespere's description of her death, *A. and C.* v 2. 283-331, and cf. Horace, *Odes*, i 37, 31, "Non humilis mulier"

163. **a name**, i. e. renowned, famous See *Ulysses*, l 11

164 **worthy spouse**, worthy of a husband who was a Roman and not of some inferior race

165 **her utterance**. Like a full-stunged lyre when it is played upon, so her musical voice, acted upon by various emotions, passed from one tone to another, and went through the whole scale of notes with living force. For "struck by all passion," cf. *Locksley Hall*, 33 —

"Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might"

Cf. also Milton, *P. L.* xi 561-563, and *L'Allegro*, 142

171 **fill'd sound** The piercing light of her eyes, when she raised them from the ground, filled up the pauses in her speech so delightfully that I did not notice when she stopped speaking

173 **still darts** Cupid still heated the tips of his arrows with the fire of her eyes, i. e. still, as in her life-time, her glances were the most powerful incentives to love In Spenser's *Hymn of Beauty*, 241, beauty's eyes are represented as "darting their little fierce lances," and Milton has "love-darting eyes" (*Comus*, 753)

174 **they love** As burning-glasses collect and concentrate the sun's rays, so her eyes gathered into their two bright orbs all the power of love

177. **undazzled**, here used intransitively, 'ceased to be dazzled' His feelings had been overcome by her beauty and splendour.

179 **the crested bird**, the cock

184 **far-heard . moon**, heard a long way off in the still moon-light

187 **the splinter'd shine**, the spires or points of the jagged rocks shone like silver in the moon-light.

189. **as one**, etc. As a man, musing on the sunny lawn outside some cathedral, when he hears through the open door the organ sending its waves of sound up to the ceiling and down to the floor and the singing of the anthem by the choir, is captivated by the music and comes to a stand-still,—so, etc. *Laves* means 'bathes, pervades.'

195. **her vow**. Jephthah, the Gileadite, vowed that if God would give him victory over the Ammonites he would offer up as a burnt offering "whatsoever came forth from the doors of his house to meet him" when he returned from battle. "And Jephthah came to Mizpah into his house, and behold his daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances" (Bible, *Judges*, xi). "To save" means to redeem, to fulfil, the vow. Some authorities, however, consider it improbable that Jephthah's daughter was actually immolated, since the Jewish law forbade human sacrifices. She was rather condemned to perpetual celibacy.

199 **welcome light**, gay greeting. The "timbrel" (Lat *tympalum*, a drum) is a kind of tambourine.

201. '**Heaven oath**'. That rash vow of your father's is placed first by God on the list of crimes, as being the most heinous.

202 **she high**, she answered loftily, proudly.

203 **nor once alone**, nor should I be ready to die only once. *I would* = *I should* be willing.

205. **single**, solitary; she was her father's only child.

207 **ere my flower**, etc., while I was still a young maiden, and before I could become a mother.

209 '**my God grave**'. The love of my God, of my country, and of my father formed a threefold cord that gently lowered me into my grave; i.e. it was the love of these three that induced me patiently to submit to death.

213 '**no fair blame**'. I am destined to have no son to take away from me the reproach of being unmarried and childless. This among the Jews was a reproach to women, because each hoped to be the maternal ancestor of the promised Messiah. Cf. Antigone's lament (Sophocles, *Antig* 846-876).

216 **leaving**, etc. For two months before her sacrifice (according to the poem) she "went with her companions and bewailed her virginity upon the mountains" (*Judges* xi. 37, 38).

218 **promise bower**, the hope of marriage and of having children. "Bower" has its old meaning of *chamber*.

220 **battled**, embattled. Old Fr *embastiller*, to furnish with fortifications. The word has no etymological connection with *battle*.

225 saw . . flame, saw God cleave the darkness asunder with the lightning flash Cf. Horace, *Odes*, i 34. *Dispersit igni cornu nubila dividens*, 'Jupiter dividing the clouds with glittering fire.'

226 everlasting hills, a Biblical expression, and therefore appropriate in the mouth of a Jewish maiden See Bible, *Genesis*, xlix 26.

227. I heard ill I heard God's voice speaking to me in the thunder, and I was so strengthened by it that my grief was turned into a feeling of superiority to all human ill

231 how beautiful etc. Cf. Horace, *Odes*, iii 2. 13, *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*, 'A sweet and comely thing it is to die for one's country.'

234. I subdued me, I subjected myself *Me* is reflexive.

236. sweetens the spirit, takes all bitterness from my heart

238. hew'd Minneth. See Bible, *Judges*, xi 33, 26.

241 locked her lips, i.e. ceased speaking Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 756, "I had not thought to have unlocked my lips"

243. thridding, passing through. *Thrid* is a doublet of *thread* Cf. Dryden, *Pal. and Arc.*, 494: "one (the snake) thrids the brake"

beakage, thickets, jungle, *bush*, which last is the M.E. *busch*, *busk*. Shaks. (*Temp.* iv. 1 81) has "my *bosky* acres" and Milton (*Comus*, 313) has "every *bosky* bourn."

247. when dead The close of the old year and the commencement of the new year are celebrated in England by ringing the church bells Shortly before the clock strikes twelve at night the bells stop ringing and begin again when the hour has struck. Cf. *In Mem.* cvi —

"The year is dying in the night;

Ring out, wild bells, and let him die."

See also *The Death of the Old Year*.

251 Rosamond be I am known as the fair Rosamond, if now that I am dead, I am still fair The "fair Rosamond," daughter of Walter de Chifford, was the mistress of Henry II. She is one of the chief characters in Lord Tennyson's drama *Becket*, and Samuel Daniel has a poem entitled *The Complaint of Rosamond*, in which, from the lower world, she tells her sad story.

254. see the light, i.e. of the sun; have been born 'See' is for 'have seen'

255. dragon Eleanor. Eleanor of Aquitaine, Henry's queen, poisoned Rosamond, according to the story In "dragon eyes" there is an allusion to the sleepless dragon that kept watch over the garden of the Hesperides. Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 393-5:

"Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree,
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye"

Dragon means lit 'seeing one,' i.e. 'sharp-sighted one' (participle of Gk *δρῶμαι*, I see).

257. *fallen* . *trust*, having lost all hope of comfort and all confidence in herself, under her overmastering dread of Eleanor

259. *Fulvia's* Fulvia was Antony's first wife, so that Fulvia was to her what Eleanor was to Rosamond. Hence, with her mind full of jealous hatred to Fulvia, Cleopatra substitutes her name here for Eleanor's as a sort of type of "the married woman" It might be put, "You should have clung to *your* Fulvia's waist"

263. *folded*, enclosed and secluded from outer things.

the captain sky. The morning star, which presided over his dreams at their commencement (see ll 54-56)

266. *her head*. Margaret Roper, daughter of Sir Thomas More, who, after her father's unjust execution (hence "murdered") in 1533, got his head taken down from London Bridge, kept it as a sacred relic, and died with it in her arms

267. *Joan of Arc* The Maid, who, in 1428, led the French army to victory, raised the siege of Orleans, defeated the English general Talbot at Patay, and saw Charles VII crowned at Rheims She was afterwards captured and burnt at the stake as a witch in 1431

271. *her death* Eleanor of Castile, wife of Edward I, who knew how true it is that Love can vanquish the fear of Death (for herself) Edward had been stabbed by the poisoned (?) dagger of a Saracen assassin, and the story was that she sucked the poison from the wound, and so saved his life

274 *hidden ore* For *ore*, see *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, I 146, note

275 *no memory sight*. As men make strong efforts to recall to their minds great thoughts that they have forgotten, but of which they now and then get an inkling; so I, with equal effort, tried to collect and enumerate every little sound and sight, however indistinct.

279 *with what—how eagerly*. This double exclamation in a single sentence is a Greek construction. The English idiom would be "With what a dull pain was I encompass'd, and how eagerly did I seek" etc.

283. *as when* etc., i.e. 'I lamented as when' etc. Cf 'Tears, idle tears' that rise in "thinking of the days that are no more" (*Princess*, iv. 25)

287. because . heat. As choice herbs, that are culled and eaten to cool the fever-parched tongue, but which fail from their very sweetness to do so effectually, become themselves withered, and leave the body still a prey to its fever; so all words, however carefully selected, fail to recall the bitterness of feeling that is mixed with the sweetness; and hence do not give the full expression of the emotion, while the heart is overcome by the strength of its own feelings. Cf Bible, *Psalms*, xxxix 2, 3. "I was dumb with silence . . . and my sorrow was stirred. My heart was hot within me, while I was musing the fire burned."

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

INTRODUCTION

THIS poem was first published in 1842

King Arthur had been made the hero of so many fictitious adventures by the romancers and poets of the Middle Ages that the belief was long held by many writers in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that he was an entirely mythical personage. Modern investigations, however, have proved that Arthur, or Artus, was the name of a sixth century war-leader of the tribes inhabiting the old divisions of Britain known as Cumbria and Strathclyde (stretching from the Severn to the Clyde) against the encroaching Saxons from the East and the Picts and Scots from the North.

The earliest legends of his exploits are to be found in the *Welsh Tales* and in the French *Romances of the Round Table*, the stories having crossed the Channel into Brittany, where they were embodied in Breton lays.

Between 1130 and 1147, Geoffrey of Monmouth introduced the legends about King Arthur into his Latin *History of the Britons*.

In 1196, Walter Map (or Mapes), Archdeacon of Oxford, gave spiritual life to the old tales recounting merely deeds of animal courage and passion, by introducing the legend of the *Quest of the Holy Grail*, an allegorical description of a good man's endeavour after a knowledge of truth and of God, to be gained only through a life of purity. *Holy Grail*, a translation of the word *Sancgreal*, was, the legends tell us, the dish used by Joseph of Arimathea to catch some of the blood of Christ as He hung wounded on the cross. Joseph brought the dish with him to England, where it was lost. The search for it, the 'Quest of the Holy Grail,' was undertaken by many of the knights of the Round Table. *Grail* is from the old French *grail*, Low Latin

gradale, allied to the Greek *κράτης*, a cup, since the dish was confused with the cup used by Christ at the Last Supper. See Tennyson's Idyll of *The Holy Grail*. The derivation of 'Sangreal' from *Sanguis Realis*, the real blood of Christ, is erroneous, and has arisen from a wrong division of the letters, *san grail* being mistakenly written 'sang real'.

Sir Thomas Malory, or Malore, an English knight, published in English his *Morte d'Arthur*, or *Death of Arthur*, an account, derived from French, Welsh, and English romances of the birth of Arthur, the formation of the knightly order of the Round Table, the exploits of the knights, and, finally, of Arthur's death or passing away. The book was printed by Caxton in 1485. It is from Malory's book that Tennyson derived most of the incidents narrated in his *Idylls of the King* and in the earlier *Morte d'Arthur*.

Many other English authors have taken King Arthur as the central figure of their poems. Spenser, in his *Faerie Queene*, makes 'Prince Arthure' the type of 'magnificence,' i.e. of 'noble deeds,' and under the figure of Arthure's knights represents the various virtues striving heavenwards and helped on their way by Arthure.

By the writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the legend of Arthur was regarded as purely the invention of Geoffrey of Monmouth. Milton originally intended to make Arthur the hero of his great epic, but doubting "who he was and whether any such reigned in history," rejected the Round Table as a subject in favour of the loss of Paradise.

Blackmore wrote two epics—*Prince Arthur* in ten books, and *King Arthur* in twelve books.

Dryden produced a dramatic opera entitled *King Arthur*, an allegory of the events of the reign of Charles II. He gives a melancholy account of a projected epic, with King Arthur or Edward the Black Prince as hero, in his *Essay on Satire*, cf. Scott, *Marmion*, canto 1. *Introd.*

In later times, Sir Walter Scott edited with notes the old romance of *Sir Isumbras*, and introduced into his *Bridal of Triermain*, a story of King Arthur's love for a fairy princess.

Lastly, Tennyson in his earlier poems shows that the legends of King Arthur and his knights had taken hold of his youthful imagination. In *The Palace of Art*, Arthur is spoken of as "Mystic Uther's deeply wounded son," while the poems, *Sir Lancelot and Guinevere* (a fragment), *The Lady of Shalott*, *Sir Galahad*, and, finally, *Morte d'Arthur*, are all founded on incidents narrated in the legends. Tennyson's great work, *Idylls of the King*, as now published, is prefaced by *The Coming of Arthur*, an account of Arthur's mysterious birth and of his coronation; then comes *The Round Table*, a series of pictures of the

feats of Arthur's knights and of the life at Arthur's court, and the whole concludes with *The Passing of Arthur*, an account of Arthur's last great battle and his death. In this last poem is incorporated the earlier *Morte d'Arthur*.

The *Morte d'Arthur* is introduced by some prefatory lines entitled *The Epic*, the thread of which is taken up again in some concluding lines added at the close. *The Epic* represents four friends sitting together on Christmas Eve; one of them, named Everard, is prevailed upon to read aloud portions of an epic poem which he had composed at college. The poem was originally in twelve books, but the author had thrown them into the fire as being "faint Homeric echoes, nothing worth," in which "nothing new was said"; and the *Morte d'Arthur* is represented to be the only remaining fragment of the larger work. One of the friends, parson Holmes, had been lamenting "the general decay of faith right through the world," and it is as a kind of answer to his despondent talk that *Morte d'Arthur* is read aloud.

In *The Epic* and in the lines added at the conclusion of the original *Morte d'Arthur*, and again in the dedication *To the Queen* at the end of the last Idyll, Tennyson tells us of the moral purpose he has meant to infuse into his great work. The Arthur herein depicted is no mere reproduction of Geoffrey's or Malory's chivalric hero, and the interest of the poem does not lie in its being a picture of old times such as would please an antiquarian. Its purpose is to typify the continual struggle in man's heart between the lower and the higher instincts of his nature. It shadows "Sense at war with soul," evil fighting against good, and overcoming it. But the triumph of evil is short-lived. Excalibur may indeed be cast away and vanish from the earth, for, in the moral as in the physical world, without change there can be no progress. But "Arthur will come again," and new weapons from heaven will be given to the champions of Truth in successive generations. The old faith that Arthur was not dead but would return, healed of his wound, to help mankind, has its counterpart in modern Optimism, which looks forward to the steady improvement of the human race and its advance towards higher and nobler conditions.

It will be observed that the *Morte d'Arthur* is more closely modelled on Homer than are any of the Idylls. In fact, in the concentration of the interest on the hero, in the straightforward simplicity and martial terseness of the narrative, as well as in the strong vigour of its Saxon diction, this poem stands quite apart and in marked contrast to the great series in which it was subsequently inserted.

NOTES.

The incidents in Arthur's career that immediately preceded his death are briefly these. The queen, Guinevere, had left the king's court, and fled to hiding at the nunnery of Amesbury, owing to the discovery by the treacherous Modred, the king's nephew, of her love for Lancelot. King Arthur had gone to attack Lancelot in the north, during his absence Modred had raised a revolt, and had had himself crowned king. The king marched south, and pursued Modred to the west coast. On his way he stopped at Amesbury, and had the farewell interview with the repentant queen so beautifully described in the Idyll of *Guinevere*. Arthur's host came up with that of Modred on the extreme south-west coast, and in the ensuing battle, Arthur slew Modred with his own hand, but was himself mortally wounded in the encounter. The poem commences at the point where Arthur has just given and received the fatal blow.

1. *So all day long* 'So' = 'as above described,' and calls attention to the fact that the poem is supposed to be but a fragment of a larger work.

3 *King Arthur's table*, the knights of the Round Table, i.e. of the order of knighthood established by King Arthur. The order is said to have taken its name from a large round table at which the king and his knights sat for meals. Such a table is still preserved at Winchester as having belonged to King Arthur. Some accounts say that there were 150 seats at this table, and that it was originally constructed to imitate the shape of the round world (see note to l. 235, below) by the wizard Merlin for Uther Pendragon, Arthur's father; that Arthur gave it to Leodegrance, Guinevere's father, who presented it and 100 knights with it as a wedding gift to Arthur. One of the seats was called the *Siege Perilous*, because it swallowed up any unchaste person who happened to sit in it. Galahad the pure, was the only knight who could sit in it with safety. Other accounts say the Round Table was constructed in imitation of that used by Christ and His disciples at the Last Supper; that it contained thirteen seats, and that the seat originally occupied by Christ was always empty, unless it was occupied by the Holy Grail.

Other kings and princes besides Arthur had Round Tables. In the reign of Edward I, Roger de Mortimer established a Round Table for the furtherance of wai like pastimes, and King Edward III is said to have done the same. 'To hold a Round Table' came to mean little more than holding a tournament.

The objects which Arthur had in view in founding this order are well described in the Idyll of *Guinevere* in the lines beginning—

"I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the king, as if he were
Their conscience and their conscience as their king "

man by man, one after another.

4 **Lyonnesse**, a fabulous country contiguous to Cornwall, said to be now covered by the sea. There is still extant in the south-west counties of England a tradition to the effect that the Scilly Islands were once part of the mainland. The region is thus described in *The Passing of Arthur*.—

"A land of old upheaven from the abyss
By fire, to sink into the abyss again."

The name is sometimes written *Leonnoys*.

6 **the bold Sir Bedivere**. 'Bold' is what is called a 'permanent epithet,' since it is nearly always used along with the name of Bedivere. So, in Homer, Achilles is always 'swift footed,' and in Virgil, Æneas is always 'pious,' and in Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, William of Deloraine is always 'good at need.'

7 **the last**, the only survivor

9 **chancel**, the eastern and most sacred portion of a church, formerly always separated from the main part of the building by a screen of lattice-work (Lat. *cancelli*, cross-bars).

10 **strait**, a narrow tongue of land; the word is more usually applied to a narrow passage in the ocean

12 **a great water** Since the poet wishes to represent the general impression produced by the view from the chapel, he avoids all detail, and uses the vague words 'a water' instead of 'a lake.' The beholder would not at first sight notice whether it was a lake or a broad river; all he would be conscious of would be a spreading sheet of water of size and shape unknown; and the picture is presented to the reader just as it would first strike the eye of Sir Bedivere. Subsequently, where no such instantaneous impression is depicted, the words 'mere' and 'lake' are used

the sequel, what follows as the result of this day's fight.

14 **unsolders**, disunites, breaks into pieces. *Solder* (from the same root as *solid*) is a kind of metallic cement for uniting the surfaces of metals; it is often composed of zinc (or silver) and copper. It is sometimes spelt and pronounced *solder* or *saulder*

15 **fellowship**, confederation, united band (of knights of the Round Table),

16 **whereof record**, of all the fellowships of which, etc. "

such a sleep. The comparison of death to sleep is very common in Homer, Virgil, and other classical poets. Thus Homer, *Iliad* ii. 241, has καμήσατο χάλκεον ὕπνον, 'he slept an iron sleep'; cf. Virgil, *Æneid* x. 745, *ferreus urget somnus*, and

Moschus's ἀδελφὸν ἑταῖρόν ὄντων. See also Tennyson, *In Memoriam* lxvii., "Sleep, death's twin brother"

21 Camelot, the city where Arthur held his court, now identified with a village called *Queen Camel*, in Somersetshire, where remains of the vast entrenchments of an ancient town are still to be seen. The traditions of Queen Camel still preserve the name of Arthur, the bridge over the river Camel is called 'Arthur's Bridge,' and there is a spring in the neighbourhood called 'Arthur's Well.' A description of Arthur's mysterious hall at Camelot is given in the Idyll of *The Holy Grail* in the lines beginning—

"O brother, had you known our mighty hall,
Which Merlin built for Arthur long ago."

22. I perish made, my life, and with it all my noble purposes, is brought to ruin by those whom I was the first to form into one people. See *The Coming of Arthur* —

"But either failed to make the kingdom one
And after these King Arthur for a space,
And through the puissance of his Table Round,
Drew all their petty principdoms under him,
Their king and head, and made a realm, and reigned.

23 Merlin, 'the great enchanter of the time,' the famous magician of the Arthurian legends. His prophecy regarding Arthur's second coming is mentioned in *The Coming of Arthur*.—

"And Merlin in our time
Hath spoken also, not in jest, and sworn,
Though men may wound him, that he will not die,
But pass, and come again."

The Idyll of *Merlin and Vivien* gives an account of Merlin's fate. See also Matthew Arnold's *Tristram and Iseult*.

24 let what will be, be, whatever my future may be

27. Excalibur, Arthur's magic sword. In Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, ii 3, the Lady of the Lake who had given Arthur the sword says, "The name of it is Excalibur, that is as much as to say Cut-steel." According to the romance of *Merlin*, the sword bore the following inscription —

"Ich am y-hote Escalabore,
Unto a king a fair tresore";

and it is added:—

"On Inglis is this writing,
Kerve steel and yren and al thing."

The sword and the way it came into Arthur's possession are described by Tennyson in *The Coming of Arthur*. The name is also written *Escalabore* and *Caliburn*. Arthur's lance was called *Rune* and his shield *Pridwin*.

The notion of enchanted armour is found in many old poets and romancers of all nations. In the *Ramayan* the magic bow of Arjuna is described under the name *Gandiva*, and Mukta Phalaketu in the *Kathā Sarit Sāgara* (chap. 115) is presented by Siva with a sword named *Invincible*.

The names of some of the most celebrated of these enchanted weapons are given below —

Charlemagne's sword,	<i>La Joyeuse.</i>
Siegfried's	<i>Balmung.</i>
Orlando's	<i>Durindana.</i>
Lancelot's	<i>Aroundight</i>
Ali's	<i>Zulfikar.</i>
Cæsar's	<i>Crocea Mors.</i>
The Cid's	<i>Colada.</i>

A list of some thirty-five such weapons is given in Brewer's *Dict. of Phrase and Fable*, s.v. *Sword*. Cf. Longfellow's lines —

"It is the sword of a good knight,
Tho' homespun be his mail;
What matter if it be not hight
Joyeuse, Colada, Durindale,
Excalibar, or Aroundight"

Spenser (*F. Q.* ii. 8. 19) calls Arthur's sword *Morddure*, 'the hard-biter.'

31. **clothed in white samite** The recurrence of this line recalls the 'permanent epithets' noticed under l 6. See *Dora*, l 106 and note. *Samite* is a rich silk stuff interwoven with gold or silver thread; derived from Gk *hex*, six, and *mitos*, thread of the warp, literally 'woven of six threads'; cf. *dimity*. Tennyson has 'red samite' and 'blackest samite' in *Lancelot and Elaine*.

34. **sung or told**, celebrated in song or story.

37. **sling him**. Arthur regards the magic sword as a person endowed with life and power of its own

mere, lake or pool; the word originally meant 'that which is dead,' hence a desert, waste, or stagnant pool; cf. Lat. *mare* and Skt. *maru*, a desert, from *mri*, to die.

38. **lightly**, nimbly or quickly. Malory's words are—"My lord, said Sir Bedevere, your commandment shall be done, and lightly (I will) bring you word again." 'Lightly' in this sense is common in Spenser's *Faery Queen*.

43. **hest**, from O E *hæts*, command;—commonly written with the prefix *behest*. The *t* is an added letter as in *whilst*. Chaucer uses *hest*, "the second hest of God," *Pardoner's Tale*, 185.

at full, to the utmost, thoroughly.

47. **mighty bones**. The bones of the Danish invaders heaped

up in the church at Hythe, are abnormally large-sized, and show that "there were giants in those days"

50 by zig-zag rocks. The short, sharp vowel sounds and the numerous dental letters in this line, making it broken in rhythm and difficult to pronounce, are in fine contrast with the broad vowels and liquid letters which make the next line run smoothly and easily off the tongue. The sound in each line exactly echoes the sense, the crooked and broken path leads to the smooth and level shore

51 levels. The plural is probably suggested by the Latin plural, *aequora*. Or the poet may be hinting that what looks, when seen from the high ground, "a great water," becomes a series of flashing surfaces to the eyes of a man standing on the shore.

55. keen with frost, clear in the frosty air

57. topaz-lights. The topaz is a jewel of various colours, yellow, or green, or blue, or brown. Perhaps from Skt. *tapas*, fire. *jacinth*, another form of *hyacinth*, a precious stone of the colour of the hyacinth flower, blue and purple

58 subtlest, most skilfully wrought, or in a most intricate pattern.

60. this way mind. This expression is an imitation of Virgil's *Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dedit illuc*, 'And he divides his swift mind now this way, now that'

61 in act to throw, an expression much used by Pope in his translation of the *Iliad*. Cf. *Il.* iii. 349, *ἔρυστο χαλκῷ*, which Pope renders—

"Attends then his massy lance prepares,
In act to throw"

63. water-lugs, aquatic plants of the genus *Isis*.

65 so strode back slow. These words are all accented, and the line thus becomes heavy and slow to pronounce, the rhythm thus echoes the heavy slow steps of Sir Bedivere

69 washing in the reeds—lapping on the crag. It has been remarked that these two phrases mark exactly "the difference of sound produced by water swelling up against a permeable or impermeable barrier." The water would splash softly through the reeds, but would make a sharper sound when striking against the impenetrable rock. *Lap* means, generally, to 'lick up with the tongue, as a dog drinks'; and hence, as here, to 'make a sharp sound as a dog does when drinking'. Malory's words are, "I saw nothing but the waters wap (i.e. beat) and the waves wan (i.e. ebb)"

73. betrayed thy nature, been false to thy instinctive sense of

honour and to thy title of knight Malory says, "And thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the riches of the sword"

75 *fidelity*, a doublet of *fidelity*.

80 *as thou art lief and dear* Copied from Malory *Lief* is from the same root as *love*, and means *beloved*. Shakspeare (2 *Henry VI*, 1 : 28) has '*alder-liefest*,' dearest of all.

84 *counting pebbles* When the mind is absorbed in deep contemplation, the senses often mechanically employ themselves in noticing trifling objects.

86 *chased*, engraved *Chased* is a contraction of *enchased*, literally, *incised*, or 'enclosed in a case or cover;' hence, 'covered with engraved ornament'

89 *one worthy note*, i.e. 'a thing worthy of note, a notable thing'

90 *should thus be lost*, ought (according to natural expectation) to be lost

95 *the bond of rule*, the tie uniting the ruled to the ruler, the connecting link between a king and his subjects, which alone makes systematic government possible

99 *empty breath*, unsubstantial, impalpable report

100. *rumours of a doubt*, vague traditions of a mythical person

103 *joust* (also written *just*), a tournament or sham fight; literally, a 'coming close together, meeting,' from Lat. *justa*, near, close

104. *maiden of the Lake*. Malory thus describes Arthur's first meeting with this lady. "With that they saw a damsel going on the lake What damsel is that" said Arthur That is the Lady of the Lake, said Merlin; and within that lake is a rock, and therein is as fair a palace as any on earth, and richly beaueu" The Lady of the Lake is in some of the romances identified with Vivien Lancelot is called 'Lancelot of the Lake' from his having been educated at this lady's court; see the Idyll of *Lancelot and Elaine*, where the Lady is said to have stolen Lancelot from his mother's arms

108 *winning reverence*, gaining respectful admiration from his hearers for this romantic story

now were lost, would be lost if I were to throw the sword away

110 *clouded with his own conceit*, his power of clearly distinguishing right from wrong being obscured by his own false notion. *Conceit* = conception, notion.

112 and so strode, etc. The frequent repetition of single lines should be noticed; it is Homeric.

119 miserable, mean, base.

121 Authority will. When the commanding look that inspires awe and obedience passes from the eye of a king, he loses therewith his authority over his subjects. A critic has remarked that this personification (of authority) is "thoroughly Shakespearian; it assists the imagination without distressing the understanding, as when dwelt on and expanded in detail; deepening the impression of the sentiment by giving along with a true thought a grand picture" (Brimley's *Essays*).

122 laid widow'd, helplessly bereft. Tennyson uses this bold metaphorical word again in his *In Memoriam*, "My heart, though widow'd, may not rest."

125 offices, services, duty, cf. Lat. *officium*

128 giddy, frivolous, transient

130 prosper, do his duty

132 with my hands. Perhaps because he had now no sword; or, more probably, these words are introduced in imitation of Homer's habit of mentioning specific details cf. *ἄνδρ' ἑλκεσὶ ποδῶν*, 'he went taking long steps with his feet'. Notice the touch of human personality in the king's sharp anger, otherwise Arthur is generally represented by Tennyson as a rather colourless being, and as almost "too good for human nature's daily food" Guinevere in *Lancelot and Elaine* calls him

"the faultless king,
The passionate perfection"

133 then quickly rose, etc. "Every word tells of rapid, agitated, determined action, refusing to dally with temptation" (Brimley).

136 wheel'd, swung it round over his head.

137 made lightnings, made a succession of brilliant flashes.

138. and flashing in an arch. "A splendid instance of sound answering to sense, which the older critics made so much of, the additional syllable (in the last foot, *in an arch*) which breaks the measure and necessitates an increased rapidity of utterance, seeming to express to the ear the rush of the sword up its parabolic curve" (Brimley)

139 streamer of the northern morn, tongue of light shooting from the horizon; one form of the *Aurora Borealis*. Cf. Scott, *Lady of the Lake*, iv 9 —

"Shifting like flashes darted forth
By the red streamers of the north,"

140. **moving isles of winter, floating icebergs.** Observe how the poet in three lines presents a complete picture of one of nature's grandest phenomena, thus introducing a most vivid simile without interrupting the flow of the narrative. Notice the compression of style **shock, collide.**

143. **dipt, went below** *To dip* generally means 'to put under the surface'; here 'to go under.'

148. **drawing thicker breath, breathing more heavily as being nearer death.**

149. **now see I by thine eyes** Arthur had no need now to ask of Bedevere if he had obeyed the command, the expression of the knight's eyes told enough. The sudden exclamation is very dramatic.

155. **three lives of mortal men.** Nestor is called by Homer *τρεῖςπαῖς*, 'triply-old,' and is said to have lived through two generations and to be ruling over the third.

166. **my wound cold.** Malory's words are, "Alas, the wound in your head hath caught much cold."

167. **half rose, slowly, with pain** The two, long syllables at the end of one line, and the pauses after the first and second feet of the next line, admirably represent the slow and interrupted effort of the wounded king to rise.

169. **wistfully, with eager longing** *Wistful* is probably a misspelling of *wishful*, from the mistaken idea that it was connected with O E *weis*, know.

170. **as in a picture, as the eyes of a painted portrait often have a fixed and expectant gaze** Cf. *Æschylus, Agamemnon*, 240, *ὡς ἐν γραφαῖς*, 'She (Iphigenia) cast at each of those who sacrificed a piteous glance, looking like (one) in a picture.'

177. **nightmare** A fiend or witch (O E *marra*, from root *mar*, to bruise, crush) was supposed to cause a pressure on the breast of a sleeper, and to bring evil dreams.

182. **clothed with his breath, enveloped as by a cloak in a mist caused by his own damp breath clinging round him in the frosty air**

183. **larger than human** Cf. the Idyll of *Guinevere*.—

"The moony vapour rolling round the king,
Who seemed the phantom of a giant in it,
Enwound him fold by fold."

Cf. also *Dream of Fair Women*, l. 87, and note.

185. **like a goad** The remorse he felt for his disobedience, and the fear that the king might suddenly die, urged him on as a goad urges oxen.

186. **harness**, originally, as here, body armour

188 **bare black cliff clanged** Observe the alliteration and the number of accented monosyllables succeeding each other, thus representing the successive reverberations of sound Wordsworth (*Slating*) has a line equally full of sound —

“ With the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud,
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron ”

based, planted; the word is generally used in a metaphorical sense.

190 **dint of armed heels**, the tread of iron-shod heels.

195 **ware**, aware; cf Bible, *Acts*, iv 16

196 **dense**, thickly crowded

197 **black-stoled** The *stole* was a long loose robe reaching to the feet Cf. “In stoles of white” (*So Galahad*) With this description contrast that of the ship in *The Coming of Arthur* —

“ And all from stem to stern
Bright with a shining people on the decks.”

Like a dream. As unearthly and indistinct as images seen in a dream

198 **three Queens.** These three queens are mentioned in *The Coming of Arthur* —

“ Three fair Queens,
Who stood in silence near his throne, the friends
Of Arthur, gazing on him, tall, with bright
Sweet faces, who will help him at his need ”

Malory says, “One was King Arthur’s sister, Queen Morgan le Fay, the other was the Queen of Northgales; the third was the Queen of the ‘Waste Lands.’” The three queens are perhaps intended to typify the three great Christian virtues, Faith, Hope, Charity, who help the soul in its battle against evil

199 **shivered to the tingling stars**, thrilled as it mounted through the air and reached the stars that trembled in response. Cf *The May Queen* —

“ Then seemed to go right up to heaven and die among the stars.”
and *Ænone*, l 215 —

“ Between the loud stream and the trembling stars.”

In reply to the objection that this line “has a touch of exaggeration which belongs to the ‘*apasmadique*’ school,” Mr Brimley remarks, “But the cry comes from a company of spirits amid mountains whose natural power of echo is heightened by the silence of night, the clearness of the winter air, and the

hardening effects of frost Such a cry, at such a time, and in such a place, would thrill from rock to rock, from summit to summit, till it seemed to pierce the sky in a hurting storm of multitudinous arrow sounds, and die away in infinitely distant pulsations among the stars."

202 **where no one comes** "The mournfulness of the feeling a man would experience in such a place, from the sense of utter isolation and sterility, is blended with the naturally sad wail of the wind over a wide waste, and the addition thus becomes no mere completion of a thought of which only part is wanted for illustration . . . but gives a heightening of sentiment without which the illustration would be incomplete and less impressive" (Brimley) Compare Keats's—

"Undescribed sounds
That come a-swooning over hollow grounds
And wither wearily on barren moors"

207 **rose the tallest fairest**, rose above the others in height as she stood Malory says, "Morgan le Fay that was as fair a lady as any might be"

213 **like the withered moon**, like the moon when its light is fading before the early beams of the rising sun Cf. *Fatima* —

"Faints like a dazzled morning moon"

215 **greaves** See Note to *The Lady of Shalott*, l 76 **cuisse**, armour for the thighs; Lat *coca*, thigh

dashed with drops of onset, splashed with drops of blood from the encounter. Cf. *The Princess*.—

"Though dashed with death,
He reddens what he kisses"

"'Onset' is a very generic term, poetic because removed from all vulgar associations of common parlance, and vaguely suggestive not only of war's pomp and circumstance, but of high deeds also and heroic arts, since onset belongs to mettle and daring, the word, for vast and shadowy connotation, is akin to Milton's grand abstraction, 'Far off *him coming* shone,' or Shelley's 'Where the earthquake demon taught her young ruin'" (Roden Noel in *The Contemporary Review*)

216 **light and lustrous**, fair in colour and shining Arthur is described in *The Coming of Arthur* as "fair beyond the race of Britons and of men."

217 **like a rising sun** The fair bright locks are compared to the rays surrounding the disc of the rising sun. Cf. Milton, *P. L.* iii. 625 —

"Of beaming sunny rays a golden tair
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind
Illustrious on his shoulders."

Arthur is thus described in *The Last Tournament*.—

“That victor of the Pagan throned in hall,
His hair, a sun that rayed from off a brow
Like hillsnow high in heaven, the steel-blue eyes,
The golden beard that clothed his lips with light.”

Cf. *Tithonus* —

“Thy dim curls kindle into sunny rings.”

218 **high from the dais throne**, as he sat on the throne elevated on the dais or platform

224. **shot through the lists**, as a brilliant meteor glances across the sky.

229 **my forehead and mine eyes**. This definite specification of separate items, instead of using the general term ‘face,’ is true to the Homeric pattern, see l. 132

233 **the light myrrh**. Arthur is compared with the star in the East which appeared at Christ’s birth to the Magi, or Wise Men, and led them to Bethlehem, where they presented to the new-born Child offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. See Bible, *St Matthew*, ii 11.

235 **image of the mighty world**. “Also Merlin made the Round Table in tokening of the roundness of the world, for by the Round Table is the world signified by right. For all the world, Christian and heathen, repair unto the Round Table, and when they are chosen to be of the fellowship of the Round Table, they think them more blessed and more in worship than if they had gotten half the world” (Malory)

236 **companionless**. Malory’s words are, “Ah, my Lord Arthur, what shall become of me now ye go from me and leave me here alone among mine enemies.”

237. **the days darken**, the future seems dark and dreary

238 **other minds**, unsympathetic minds, different from those I have known

240 **the old to new**, a line often quoted. It occurs also in *The Coming of Arthur*, when the king is described as refusing to give tribute to Rome, on the ground that “the slowly fading mistress of the world” had had her day, and must give place to a new and stronger power. Cf. *In Mem Prol* —

“Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be.”

241 **God ways**, God has many methods of accomplishing on earth His purposes, which are part of His nature, and often lays aside the instruments He has been using to replace them by others

242 **lest one world**, lest men’s hearts, relying too much upon old established usage, should stagnate and grow slothful for

want of change, and thus a lifeless formalism should take the place of active belief and vigorous endeavour

243 **comfort thyself**, etc. Malory's words are, "Comfort thyself, said the king, and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust to trust in For I will unto the vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wound, and if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul"

245 **that which pure**, may God accept my work and, absorbing it, as it were, into Himself, purify it of all its unworthy elements

250. **like a fountain** Cf. *Enoch Arden* —

"Prayer

Like fountains of sweet waters in the sea."

251. **that nourish brain**, whose brute nature is blind to anything outside or above what they can estimate by instinct or material sense. Cf Shaks *Ant and Cleo* iv 8 21 —

"A brain that nourishes our nerves"

254 **every way**, on all sides

255 **bound by gold chains** The notion of the earth being attached to heaven by a golden chain perhaps originated in the passage in Homer's *Iliad*, viii 19-30, cf Plato, *Theat* 153 Frequent allusions to this supposition are to be found scattered throughout English literature Thus Bacon in his *Advancement of Learning*, i 1 3, says, "According to the allegory of the poets the highest link of nature's chain must needs be tied to the foot of Jupiter's chain" and cf *Adv of L* ii vi. 1, and *Essay*, 16 10 Jeremy Taylor writes "Faith is the golden chain to link the penitent sinner to God" Cf also "This is the golden chain of love, whereby the whole creation is bound to the throne of the Creator" (Hare); and

"She held a great gold chaine ylncked well,
Whose upper end to highest heaven was knitt"

—Spenser *F Q* ii vii. 46

"Hanging in a golden chain

This pendent world."—Milton, *P L* ii 1031.

"For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky."

—Dryden, *Character of a Good Parson*

259 **island-valley of Avilion**. Avilion, or, as it is otherwise spelt Avelion, or Avalon ("dozing in the Vale of Avalon," *Palace of Art*), is supposed to have been the name of a valley in the neighbourhood of Glastonbury, the town in Somersetshire where Joseph of Arimathea is said to have first landed with the Holy Grail. [See the Idyll of *The Holy Grail*] Avilion is

called an island as being nearly surrounded by the "river's embracement." Some romances, however, make it an ocean island "not far on this side of the terrestrial Paradise," and represent it as the abode of Arthur and Morgan Le Fay. Compare with these myths the accounts of the "Islands of the Blessed," the "Fortunate Islands" of Greek and Roman legends, whither the favourites of the Gods were conveyed without dying (see *Ulysses*, l. 63); also the tales of the "Flying Island of St. Brendan." Many legends tell of various enchanted islands, and the names of a number of them may be found in the *Voyage of Maeldune*. 'Avilion' is said to mean 'Isle of Apples,' from the Breton *avul*, apple.

260 **where falls loudly.** Cf. the description of the abode of the Gods in *Lucretius*, also the accounts of Elysium in Homer, *Odys* iv. 566, and *Lucretius*, *De Rerum Nat* iii. 20, and Bion, iii. 16.

262 **deep-meadowed**, a translation of the Greek βαθέλειμος, 'with rich fertile meadows,' Homer, *Iliad*, iv. 151. **happy.** Cf. Virgil's *lætas segetes*, 'happy (i.e. plenteous) harvest.'

orchard lawns, grassy plots with fruit trees growing on them.

263. **crowned with summer sea**, ringed round with stormless waves as with a coronet. Cf. Homer, *Odys* x. 195, *περὶ νῆσον πόντος ἐστεφάνωται*, 'Round the island the sea lies like a crown.' The surrounding sea is elsewhere (*Maud*, iv. 6) called by Tennyson

"The silent sapphire-spangled marriage ring of the land."

With "summer sea" compare Wordsworth's

"And all was tranquil as a summer sea"—(*Slating*)

267 **ere her death**. The tradition that the swan previously to her death sings a sweet song is one of long standing. Cf. Vergil, 'qualis trajectus tempora pennâ Cantat olor.' See *The Dying Swan*, also Shaks. *Othello*, v. 2, "I will play the swan and die in music," and many other passages. Mr. Nicol says of the *Cygnus Muscus*, "Its note resembles the tones of a violin, though somewhat higher. Each note occurs after a long interval. The music presages a thaw in Iceland, and hence one of its greatest charms."

268 **ruffles her pure cold plume**, unfolds her white clear wing-feathers. **takes the flood**, strikes the water.

269 **swarthy webs**, alluding to the dark colour of the swan's webbed feet.

270. **revolving many memories.** Cf. the Latin *nulla animo revolvens*, 'revolving many things in his mind.'

271. **one black dot**, a single speck of black on the bright horizon where the day was dawning.

DORA.

INTRODUCTION

THIS poem was first published in 1842. Its materials are borrowed from a tale called *Dora Creswell*, contained in a volume of sketches of rural character and scenery, entitled *Our Village*, by Miss Mary Russell Mitford. The original story differs but slightly in its incidents from Tennyson's poem, the only striking addition made by the poet being that contained in the last line, 'But Mary lived unmarried till her death.' A contrast of tone is observable in the way in which the story has been treated by the two authors. Tennyson's poem is all in shadow, while Miss Mitford's tale is in sunshine. The language of the poem is as simple as possible. A critic has observed, "It contains literally not one simile, not one metaphor, which might not be used in common discourse by shepherds and husbandmen. Its words are the current coin of our language. There are but two or three words of three syllables, one of these being 'consider' and another 'labourer.' It must be a flinty heart indeed that can reach the end of *Dora* unmoved. The pathos is like that of the simple stories of the old Hebrew Bible—the story of Joseph or the story of Ruth."

Observe the fine contrast between the characters of Dora and Mary. Dora's is "the superior nature, the more thoughtful, the more self-sacrificing of the two." It may be doubted whether Mary, had she been in Dora's place, would have braved the old man's wrath and risked poverty for herself in order to help the child of a man who had preferred another woman to herself.

With the *denouement* of this poem may be compared the incident of the finding of the child in George Eliot's *Silas Marner*. There also the presence of a little child is described as of power to soften and break through the hard crust of selfishness and obstinacy that may grow over the better nature of a disappointed man.

NOTES.

4. man and wife, husband and wife. The original story says 'And before Dora was ten years old, he (the old farmer) had resolved that in due time she should marry his son, Walter, and had informed the parties of his intention.'

5. felt. William, yielded to her uncle's wishes, and began to have a liking for William as her future husband. The original story talks of 'the sweet and yielding nature of the gentle and submissive Dora.'

6 because Dora, because from constantly living in the same house he had come to regard her as a near relative. He could not care for Dora as a lover, but, as the story puts it, 'he loved his pretty cousin much as he would have loved a favourite sister'

10. I married die, I was well advanced in years before I married, but I should like you to marry at an earlier age than I did, so that I may hold your children in my arms before I die.

13 look to Dora, turn your eyes and thoughts towards Dora. well to look to, fair to see

14 beyond her age, more than one might expect in one so young

20 answered short, gave a curt and angry reply.

23 doubled up his hands, clenched his fists.

25 but law, but though you dare to dispute my command, I tell you that when I was young a father's word was never disobeyed, and I will have it so in my case now. 'Now Farmer Creswell's intentions were well known to be as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. He was obstinate in the highest degree, had never been known to yield a point or change a resolution' (*Dora Creswell*)

28. to my wish, in accordance with my wishes.

29. pack again, he turned at once out of the house, and never show your unwelcome face here again. *Pack* means literally 'pack up your belongings and go'

30 darken my doors, literally, 'obstruct the light by coming to the open door,' and hence 'cast a gloom over my house by your unwished for entrance'

31 bit his lips, a common sign of impatience when an angry man endeavours to restrain himself.

32. broke away, rushed out of the room

37 half in love, half spite, partly because he loved Mary, partly in order to thwart his father. The original story thus describes the quarrel 'But to be dictated to, to be chained down to a distant engagement, to hold himself bound to a mere child; the very idea was absurd and restraining with difficulty an abrupt denial, he walked into the village, predisposed out of sheer contradiction to fall in love with the first young woman who should come in his way; and he did fall in love accordingly.'

38. a labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison. In the original tale the name is Mary Hay, 'the daughter of the respectable mistress of a small endowed school at the other end of the parish'

39 the bells, the church bells ringing the wedding peal at William and Mary's marriage.

41 that was my son, "was" implies "is no longer, for I disown and disinherit him." Cf. *Troja fuit*, 'Troy was,' i.e. Troy is no more. So Lear (l. 1. 123) calls Cordelia "my sometime daughter."

42 change a word, exchange a word, i.e. converse

her he calls his wife, the old man in his wrath will hardly allow that Mary is really the legal wife of his son; he would never call her 'daughter-in-law'

43. none of yours, no home for you; i.e. you shall no longer find a home in my house.

my will is law, he repeats this idea below. "You knew my word was law,"—showing the imperious obstinacy of his character.

45 'it cannot be, this state of things cannot continue.

50 but Dora stored, etc. 'Their most liberal benefactress, their most devoted friend, was poor Dora. Considering her uncle's partiality to herself as the prime cause of all this misery, she felt like a guilty creature; and casting off at once her native timidity and habitual submission, she had repeatedly braved his anger, by the most earnest supplications for mercy and for pardon; and when this proved unavailing, she tried to mitigate their distresses by all the assistance that her small means would admit' (*Dora Creswell*). But this help is said in the original story to have been given after the death of William, not before, as in the poem

52 a fever died. 'In less than three months his death by an inflammatory fever left her a desolate and penniless widow' (*Dora Creswell*)

56 thought hard things, blamed Dora for having been the cause of the estrangement, and for not having tried to bring about a reconciliation between father and son. Observe that the original story states that Dora had endeavoured to reconcile them.

58 I have sinned, i.e. it was wrong of me so to obey my uncle.

all through first, my presence in the house was the original cause of this misery coming on William

61 the woman chose, in apposition to the you in 'your sake'

65. in my uncle's eye, full in my uncle's sight.

67 glad of the full harvest. The story describes Dora thus explaining to the authoress, Miss Mitford, why she had brought the boy into the field. 'This is the best place to ask a favour in, for the very sight of the great crops puts him in a good humour; not so much on account of the profits, but because the

land never bore half so much before, and it's all owing to his management in dressing and drilling.'

70. a mound that was unsown, a little hillock left unploughed, and therefore unsown with wheat; the boy would here be conspicuous.

80. made a little wreath. 'A beautiful child lay on the ground at some little distance, whilst a young girl, resting from the labour of reaping, was twisting a rustic wreath of enamelled corn-flowers, brilliant poppies, snow-white hylbines, and light fragrant hare-bells, mingled with tufts of the richest wheat-ears, around his hat' (*Dora Cresswell*)

91. do with me as you will, punish me in any way you please.

93 a trick got up between, a stratagem devised by.

94. the woman there, a contemptuous expression - He will not style Mary his son's widow.

95 I must be taught, you seem to think it is your business to teach me.

96. my word was law. Observe the farmer's fondness for insisting on his arbitrary power

97 Well—for, etc, very good, your trick has been successful, for I will take the boy.

98 never see me more, never again come near me.

104 when first she came, i.e. to the farmer's house

106 and the reapers dark Cf Hom. *Il*, δὴ σέρό τ' ἥλιος, σκόλωντο δὲ πᾶσαι ἀγροῖαι, 'And the sun fell, and all the ways were darkened' Observe the repetition of this passage Such repetitions are frequent in the old Greek poets, as in Homer and Theocritus; they occur also in Spenser and Milton See *Morte d'Arthur*, l. 31, and note

110 broke out in praise, began suddenly to praise.

117. now I think, now that I reflect on the affair

118. hardness, to be as harsh and unfeeling as the old man himself is

118. to slight, to despise and neglect

127 off the latch. The latch of the door was not fastened, the door was ajar, so that they could peep in without being heard to open the door.

128 set up 'On the very spot where we had parted, I saw the good farmer himself in his Sunday clothes, tossing little Walter into the air; the child laughing and screaming with delight, and his grandfather apparently quite as much delighted as himself' (*Dora Cresswell*).

132. **babbled for**, called out for in his baby prattle.

133. **by the fire**, in the firelight.

137. **if you so**, if I may use the name 'father' to you. It is common for daughters-in-law to address their fathers-in-law as 'father'. Allan had always hitherto avoided speaking of Mary as his daughter.

145. **to cross thus**, to oppose his father's wishes as he had done.

148. **turned his face and passed**, turned his face away from me and died. To 'pass' is often used for 'die,' as in 'passing bell,' the bell rung as a sign that some one has just died.

152. **let before**, let things go on as they did before you saw the boy.

156. **been to blame**, been in fault, cf. 'house *to let*,' 'water *to drink*,' *to blame*, *to let*, *to drink* are gerundial infinitives.

166. **Mary took death**. The contrast between the two characters is well kept up in these lines, which are not borrowed from the original story. A critic has remarked "The piece would have been utterly ruined if there had been another fate than this for Dora. Had she been married, a perfect poem would have become a trivial *novelte*" (Bayne, *Lessons from My Masters*).

ULYSSES.

INTRODUCTION

THIS poem was first published in 1842. "Antithetically," writes Dr Bayne (*Lessons from My Masters*), "and grandly opposed to the nervous sentiment of the *Lotos-Eaters* is the masculine spirit of the lines on Ulysses, one of the healthiest as well as most masterly of all Tennyson's poems." In style and language this poem may also be contrasted with *Enone*, the latter being bathed in a glow of colour and rich in poetic imagery, while *Ulysses* is severe in style and unadorned in language. "We need not," continues the same writer, "quarrel with Tennyson for having bestowed those marinades on Ulysses in his old age. There were, indeed, none such. They all lay fathom-deep in brine; no Homer, no Athenè had paid regard to *them*, Ulysses returned alone to his isle, the hero only being of account in the eyes of classic poet or Pagan goddess. Tennyson's Ulysses is, after all, an Englishman of the Nelson wars rather than a Greek, and his feeling for his old salts is a distinctively Christian sentiment, So, indeed, is his desire for effort, discovery, labour, to the end."

Mr Brimley (*Essay*) places this among the group of poems founded on legendary history, and remarks that along with three others (*St. Simeon Stylites*, *St. Agnes*, and *Sir Galahad*) it aims at presenting a type of character, and not a narrative of action. *Ulysses* is thus, like *Pithonus* and *Enone*, in some sense a dramatic poem—it is spoken by another mouth than the poet's; the occasion of its utterance is one that illustrates and emphasises the characters of the speaker; and this kind of dramatic vividness is worked not merely into the thoughts but into the style. The terse, laconic, almost epigrammatic vigour of language put into the mouth of Ulysses marks the man of action and resource in time of danger, the man accustomed to rule and to be obeyed. "For viable grandeur," writes Mr Stedman (*Victorian Poets*), "and astonishingly compact expression, there is no blank-verse poem, equally restricted as to length, that approaches the *Ulysses*."

A writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* (July, 1880) has pointed out that "the germ, the spirit, and the sentiment of this poem are from the 26th canto of Dante's *Inferno*. Mr. Tennyson has indeed done little but fill in the sketch of the great Florentine. As is usual with him in all cases where he borrows, the details and minuter portions of the work are his own; he has added grace, elaboration, and symmetry; he has called in the assistance of other poets (particularly of Homer and Virgil). A rough crayon draught has been metamorphosed into a perfect picture."

The following is a literal translation of the passage in Dante. Ulysses is speaking—

"Neither fondness for my son, nor reverence for my aged sire, nor the due love which ought to have gladdened Penelope, could conquer in me the ardour which I had to become experienced in the world and in human vice and worth. I put out into the deep open sea with but one ship, and with that small company which had not deserted me. . . I and my companions were old and tardy when we came to that narrow pass where Hercules assigned his landmarks (i.e. the Straits of Gibraltar). 'O brothers,' I said, 'who through a hundred thousand dangers have reached the West, deny not this to the brief vigil of your senses that remain—experience of the unpeopled world beyond the sun. Consider your origin; ye were not formed to live like brutes, but to follow virtue and knowledge'. . . Night already saw the pole with all its stars, and ours so low that it rose not from the ocean floor."

NOTES.

1. *an idle king*. Ulysses, king of Ithaca, a rocky island off the entrance to the Corinthian Gulf, was specially distinguished

among the Greek heroes of the Trojan War for his fortitude, eloquence and sagacity. He met with many misfortunes on the return voyage, but finally, after an absence of 20 years, reached Ithaca in safety, where he was welcomed by his wife Penelope and his son Telemachus. Ulysses (or more correctly Ulixes) is the Latin name for the Gk. Odusseus.

3. matched with, mated with, married to. *Match* meant originally 'companion, mate,' hence 'equal,' as in 'he has met his match.' So 'to match' meant 'to consider equal,' 'to pair' used of contest, game, or marriage.

mete and dole, measure and deal out, minutely and carefully dispense. The words imply contempt. He thinks of himself as a small shop-keeper weighing out his wares, or as the steward of a household of slaves.

4. unequal laws, unfair, imperfect laws. He speaks bitterly and scornfully of his petty duties, which after all fail to secure their end.

5. know not me, are unable to appreciate or understand my adventurous spirit.

7. I will . lees, I will drain the wine of life to the dregs, I will lead a life of activity and enterprise to the very close. Cf. Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, ii. 3. 100-1 —

"The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of."

8. suffered greatly. The conventional or permanent epithet of Ulysses in Homer is 'much-enduring.' See *Morte d'Arthur*, l. 8 and note.

both with alone. In his adventures with the Cyclops and with Circe his companions were with him; he was alone when, after shipwreck, he swam ashore to the island of the Phaeacians.

10. scudding drifts, broken clouds flying rapidly before the wind. Hyades is a Greek word meaning 'the rainers,' a group of seven stars in the head of Taurus, which were so called because their rising and setting were believed to be attended with much rain. Cf. Virgil's *pluvias Hyadas*.

11. a name, i.e. famous; see *Dream of Fair Women*, l. 163.

12. hungry, eager for knowledge and experience.

13. myself all, the absolute case, 'myself being not least,' etc.; or 'myself' is in apposition with 'I' (l. 13).

16. delight of battle, the Greek *χαρῆν*, "the stern joy which warriors feel" (Scott); Lat. *certaminis gaudia*, the joy of fighting. Cf. Scott, *Lord of the Isles*, iv. 20 —

"O war! thou hast thy fierce delight,
Thy gleams of joy intensely bright."

peers, equals, comrades, (Lat. *parem*, equal). Cf. *pair*

17. *ringing*, i.e. with the din of conflict.

18. I am ... *met*, my present character is compounded of elements drawn from my various experiences. So Æneas (Virg. *Æn* ii 6), in relating to Dido the story of Troy's fall, says, *quorum pars magna fui*, of which events I was a great part.

19 *yet all move*, all that I have experienced hitherto (instead of making me wish for rest), enhances the alluring vision of those unexplored regions whose borders seem continually to retire before me in the distance, the nearer I approach them. Cf. Vergil, *Æn* v 629.—*Italiam sequimur fugientem*, 'We follow an Italy that flees before us.'

23 *to rust use*. So the proverb: 'Better to wear out than to *rust out*.' Cf. Shakespeare, *Tro. and Cress.* iii. 3. 150-3:—

"Perséverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright. to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery."

And contrast Falstaff's view (2 *Hen.* IV i. 2, 245), "I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion."

24 *life little*, i.e. a great many lives would be much too brief to provide scope for my energy and enterprise.

25. *of one*, i.e. of one life, of the single life granted me

26. *every hour* . . . *things*, every hour spent in activity is something saved from the silence of the grave; nay, it is something more than that, since it brings with it new experiences

29. *for some three suns*, during the three years or so that I may count upon. So *moons* is sometimes poetical for *months*

to store and hoard myself, to take care of myself in seclusion from work and action.

30. *spirit yearning*, the absolute case—'when all the while thy *gray* (i.e. aged) spirit is yearning,' etc.

31. *a sinking star*, a star that is passing below the horizon hence *bound* in the next line represents this (western) horizon, beyond which he longs to follow the star, Knowledge. See translation from Dante in the introduction. The passage may be paraphrased thus: 'Just as men might follow into another heavenly star that had set in their own, so I, old as I am, eagerly desire to gain new experiences of life such as no human being has ever yet attained.'

35. *discerning to fulfil*, clever or sagacious at carrying out

36. **slow produce**, wise measures gradually introduced.

37. **thro' soft degrees**, gently and gradually.

38. **the useful and the good**, usefulness and goodness. *The* is prefixed to an adjective with a singular notion, to express the corresponding abstract idea—a common Greek construction.

39. **centred . duties**, i.e. wholly taken up with them

40. **decent . tenderness**, creditably careful not to fail in kind attentions (to his mother). There is a good deal of gentle irony in this passage.

44. **the vessel sail**, i.e. the wind is fitfully filling the vessel's sail.

45. **gloom**, look gloomy; they are covered with haze in the distance. Cf. "dusk," *Lady of Shalott*, l. 9, and note.

46. **my mariners**. See Introduction. Cf. Horace, *Odes*, i. 7. 25-32.

47. **frolic**. This word, properly an adjective (as here), is now generally used as a verb or a noun, and a new adjective *frolicsome* has been formed to take its place. It is the Dutch *vrolijk* (Germ. *fröhlich*), with the suffix *-lyk*, which is the English *like*, *-ly*.

49. **free**, cheerful, bold and frank.

53. **gods**. The "auxiliar gods" (Milton, *P. L.* i. 579) who helped the Trojans against the Greeks. Such were Venus and Mars, who was wounded by Diomedes.

54. **the lights**, i.e. of the houses

59. **smite furrows**, strike the hollows of the splashing with your oars, as you row. Cf. a frequent line in Homer's *v.*, *ἐξήν δ' ἐξόμενοι πολὺν ἄλα τύπτον ἑρετμοῖς*, 'and sitting they smote the hoary sea with their oars.'

Ida, remains firm

60. **stars**, i.e. the western horizon of sea; the old idea of the stars actually sank, at setting, into the ocean. Cf. Homer, *Il.* xviii. 489, *ἄστρων ὕκεανός*, 'the abyss of ocean' (with reference to the setting of stars). For "beyond the sunset," see the translation from Dante in the Introduction.

62. **the gulfs**, the yawning deep; we may be swallowed up in the hollows of the waters.

63. **the Happy Isles**, *fortunatæ insulæ*, islands in the Atlantic off the west coast of Africa, supposed to be the modern Canary Isles. They formed the Greek Paradise, the abode of the blessed after death. Cf. the happy island of Nárikela in the *Sarit Sadgata* (chap. 54). See *Morte d'Arthur*, l. 259

64. Achilles, the famous Greek hero, the terror of the Trojans and the slayer of Hector. Upon his death at Troy, his arms were awarded to Ulysses, who afterwards saw and conversed with him in Hades.

66 that strength, abstract for concrete—'that strong bond of men.'

68. one hearts, i.e. heroic hearts, all of the same serene and patient disposition

TITHONUS.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS poem was first published in 1842 Tithonus, according to the fable, was beloved by Aurora, the goddess of the Dawn, who, at his request, made him immortal. Since, however, he had omitted to ask for the perpetuation of his youth and beauty, he grew ever more and more old and decrepit, tall, life becoming insupportable, he prayed Aurora to "take back her gift." As he could not die, the goddess changed him into a grasshopper. This poem takes high rank in the quasi-dramatic division of Tennyson's poetry (see Introduction to *Ulysses*), though it does not attempt to depict so much the characteristics of the individual as the special circumstances in which he is placed. *Tithonus* is one of the poet's most highly finished productions, and is remarkable for its purity of tone, its musical rhythm, and its simple beauty of style.

NOTES

2. the vapours ground The clouds and mists let fall their burden of moisture upon the ground in the form of rain and dew. The spelling *burthen* (instead of the commoner *burden*) has the advantage of distinguishing the word from *burden*, the refrain of a song—with which it has no connection.

3. lies beneath, dies and is buried.

4. after swan. According to Naumann, the mute swan (*cycnus olor*) reaches an age of from 50 to 100 years; and in the *Morning Post* of 9th July, 1840, there is an account of the death from an accident of a swan which is said to have been hatched about the year 1770. Judging, however, from the experience of the oldest swanherds living, the swan appears rarely to live longer than from 30 to 40 years (Dresser, *Birds of Europe*, vol. vi.).

5 me only, etc See Introduction.

7. limit, the verge of the eastern horizon, the home of Aurora.

8. a dream, *i.e.* as representing something unreal and unsubstantial.

10. far-folded mists, mists that lie in folds far away in the eastern sky at dawn

18. thy strong Hours, *i.e.* all-conquering Time. Cf. *In Mem* i. 13, "the victor Hours." The Hours (*Lat Horæ*) were three sisters, daughters of Jupiter and Themis. They are represented here as attendants on the gods.

work'd their wills. *Wills* is to be parsed as an objective partially cognate to the verb *work'd*; 'work'd their works' would be the strictly cognate form. Cf. 'to shout applause,' 'to drink one's fill.'

19. marr'd. *Marr* is from a root signifying to bruise, crush, on which see Max Müller's *Lectures*, vol. ii. pp. 347-367.

20. maim'd, impaired, disfigured.

23. and all . ashes, and left me with all my pristine beauty and vigour decayed and destroyed.

25. the silver star, thy guide, the planet Venus or the Morning Star, the pioneer of the dawn. Cf. "Large Hesper glittered on her tear" (*Mariana in the South*)

29. kindly, of the same kind or nature with himself.

30. the goal of ordinance, the ordained goal or limit of human existence.

32. a soft air, etc. This passage describes the gradual appearance of the dawn. First, through a break in the cloud, Tithonus sees a glimpse of the earth. Then the veil of weird, glimmering twilight is withdrawn, and the dawn, pure and fresh, begins to reveal itself. Soon the eastern horizon grows red and bright, though still the stars are visible, till at last the sun appears and day is begun

36. heart renew'd, because she was once more making her appearance in the heavens.

39. the wild team, the horses that drew the chariot of Helios, the sun-god: They are represented as prepared for starting on their course by Aurora, because the dawn precedes the sun-rising—which gradually kindles into brightness the morning twilight. Cf. Marston, *Antonio and Melinda*, 2nd part, i. 1.—

"The dapple-gray coursers of the morn
Beat up the light with their bright silver hooves."

Perhaps the poet was thinking of Guido's famous fresco in the Rospigliosi Palace at Rome. There Aurora is depicted scatter-

ing flowers before the chariot of the Sun surrounded by a dancing choir of the "strong Hours."

43. *ever*, at each day-break.

44. *before given*, before giving thine answer; a Latinism, like Milton's "since created man" for 'since the creation of man.'

49. "the Gods . gifts"; Cf. Agathon's lines, quoted by Aristotle (*Eth. N.* vi. 2, 6).—

μόνον γὰρ αὐτοῦ καὶ θεὸς στερίσκεται,
ἀγένητα ποιεῖν ἄνδρ' ἂν ᾧ περπαγεῖνα,

'For just one thing even God lacks—to render of no effect whatever has been accomplished.' Cf. also Horace, *Odes*, iii. 29. 45-48.

50. *ay me* is the Old French *aymi*, ah for me! *Me* is to be parsed as the indirect objective case.

with what, etc., with what different feelings and looks I used, etc.

52. *if watch'd*. I feel so different now that I can hardly believe that I am the same person that then watched.

53. *the lucid . thee*, i.e. your shadowy figure gradually becoming luminous and defined. This passage again depicts the coming of the dawn. See l. 32, and note.

54. *the dim curls*, the light *curious* clouds in the eastern heavens

55. *mystic change*, the strange, weird brightening of dim twilight into rosy dawn. Cf. *mysterious*, l. 34. *Changed* is the preterite.

58. *month growing*, the absolute case

59. *buds of April*. Cf. *Dream of Fair Women*, l. 272.

61. *whispering sweet*, whispering to me strange and delightful words that I could not fully comprehend. The adjectives *wild* and *sweet* are poetically used for the abstract nouns *wildness* and *sweetness*. 'I know not what,' Fr. *Je ne sais quoi*, Lat. *nescio quid*.

62. *like that . towers*. Tithonus, being the son of Laomedon, king of Troy, may be supposed to have been present when Neptune and Apollo, who had been condemned by Jupiter to serve Laomedon for one year, built the walls of Troy or Ilium (so called from Ilus, one of its kings). See *Æneid*, ll. 39-41, and note

65. *how thine* i.e. the old natural sympathy between us must die out through the change wrought upon me by old age. Immortal age cannot dwell beside immortal youth (l. 22).

66. *coldly cold*. No longer, as in my youth, do I feel my blood glow with thy glow (ll. 55, 56).

68. *the steam*, the vapours drawn up from the earth at dawn.

71. **barrows**, burial-mounds. This word, connected with *bury*, is a different word from *barrow*, the vehicle, connected with *bear*.

72. **release ... ground**, free me from my doom of immortality and give me back to death and burial in the earth from which I sprang.

75. **I earth in earth**, I turned to dust in my grave. Cf. Hawes's *Pastime of Pleasure*, xlv., "When earth in earth hath ta'en his corrupt taste." "Forget"—shall forget.

76. **silver wheels**. The car of the grey dawn is silver, just as the chariot of the bright sun is golden.

SIR GALAHAD.

INTRODUCTION.

MR STEDMAN (*Victorian Poets*) characterises this poem (first published in 1842) along with *St Agnes' Eve* as the two purest and highest of Tennyson's lyrical pieces—"full of white light, and each a stainless idealization of its theme." *Sir Galahad* is rich in sounding melody, and has the true knightly, heroic ring. "The poet," he continues, "has never chanted a more ennobling strain."

The poem belongs to the quasi-dramatic group (see Introduction to *Ulysses*); it contains implicitly the story of a life and the exhibition of a well-marked type of character—the whole being put into the mouth of the hero of the poem himself.

Sir Galahad, the son of Lancelot and Elaine, is the purest and sanliest of all King Arthur's knights. He wandered forth with the rest in the quest of the Sancreal, in which he alone was successful. He then prayed for death, and "a great multitude of angels beare his soule up to heaven." See Introduction to *Morte d'Arthur*.

NOTES.

1. **carves the casques**, cuts through the helmets. *Casque* is from the Spanish *casco*, and is a doublet of *cas*.

3. **ten** in English (as in Latin) is often used of an indefinitely considerable number. Cf. "Fierce as ten furies" (Milton, *P. L.* ii. 671), "Obstinacy as of ten mules" (Carlyle).

5. **shattering**. The epithet expresses the succession of blasts that rend the air with their din.

6. **the hard .. steel**, i.e. the swords break against the armour with which they come in contact. **brand** (from Old Eng. *byrnan*,

to burn) is (1) a burning, (2) a fire brand, (3) a sword, from its brightness

7 fly, i. e. fly asunder, break up into fragments

9 lists, ground enclosed for a tournament The *l* has been appended, as in *whil' t amongs t* From old Fr *lisie, lice* a tilt yard, low Lat *liciae*, barriers, probably connected with Lat *licium*, a thread clanging expresses the ringing metallic noises of the fight Malory (*Vorte d'Arthur*, chap lxxxii) relates how Sir Galahad fought at a tournament, and "did there wonderful deedes of armes

11 perfume etc Ladies sat in galleries overlooking the lists, and scattered flowers etc, upon the successful combatants For a description of a tournament see Scott's *Lianhoe* chap vii viii ix

14 on whom, on those upon whom

15 for them etc, it was the office of the true knight to rescue distressed damsels Thus Sir Galahad delivered the Castle of the Maidens and its inmates from the seven wicked knights (Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* chap xliii)

17 all my above, my desires are fixed upon heavenly objects, not upon woman's love

18 crypt, underground cell or chapel Gk *κρυπτεν*, to hide

21 more beam Grander and more satisfying visions than the sweet looks of ladies shine upon me See the next three stanzas

22 mightier i. e. than those of love

23 fair, clear of guilt, blameless

24 in work and will, in action and in thought virgin, pure, stainless

25 when goes, when the crescent moon sets amid storm clouds

31 stalls, seats in the chancel of a church or chapel, for the clergy

34 vessels, the Eucharistic vessels containing the bread and the wine

35 the shrill bell, the bell rung at the elevation of the Host during the celebration of the Mass At a certain point in the service the officiating priest lifts the consecrated wafer for the adoration of the people

38 a magic bark, such as that described in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, ii 6 5, which

"Away did slide,

Withouten oare or pilot it to guide "

Similar enchanted boats are mentioned by Ariosto and Tasso

42. the holy Grail. See Introduction to *Morte d'Arthur*.

53. with folded feet, with feet folded across each other, with crossed feet. stoles, long robes.

44. on sleeping ... sail, they glide through the air on motionless wings.

46. my spirit bars, my spirit, eager to follow the heavenly-vision, struggles against its corporeal prison, as a bird beats the bars of its cage with its wings in its efforts to escape.

47. as down . slides, as the glorious vision glides away into the darkness.

52. dumb. The soft carpet of snow dulls the sound of his charger's hoofs.

53. the leads, i.e. the roofs of the houses, which were covered with lead. Upon these the tempest of hail beats with a crackling noise

59. blessed forms, angelic shapes.

61. a maiden knight, Joseph of Arimathea (see note to l 79) told Sir Galahad that he was sent to him because "thou hast been a cleane maiden as I am "

65. joy beams, the joys of Heaven, and its glorious regions.

67. pure lilies The lily in Christian art is an emblem of chastity, innocence, and purity. It often figures in pictures of the Annunciation (i.e. the announcement made by Gabriel to the Virgin Mary that she was to be the mother of the Messiah), in which the angel is represented as carrying a lily-branch.

69. and, stricken, etc., Heavenly influences have such power with me that my whole being seems at times to become etherealised Compare Wordsworth's (*Tintern Abbey*) description of Nature's influences :—

"That serene and blessed mood
In which we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul."

76. shakes, vibrates, pulsates, quavers.

77. then move .. nod So Milton (*Lycidas*, 42-44) represents the "willows" and the "hazel copses" as no more

"Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays "

Of also Vergil, *Ecl.* vi. 28, where, when Silenus sings, you might see the tree-tops move ('*rigidas motare cacumina quercus*').

78. wings, i.e. of angels.

79. "O just near" Cf. Bible, *Matt.* xxv 21; *Rev.* ii 10. The prize is the Holy Grail. Just before his death Sir Galahad sees

the holy vessel with Joseph of Arimathea, who calls to him, "Come forth, the servant of Jesu Christ, and thou shalt see that which thou hast much desired to see" (*Morte d'Arthur*, chap. ciii.).

81. *hostel*, inn ; *grange*, farmhouse.

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS poem was first published in 1842 Burleigh-House by Stamford-town, on the borders of the two counties of Rutland and Lincoln, is the country mansion of the Marquis of Exeter, the descendant of William Cecil, the first Lord Burleigh or Burghley, the famous Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth. Cecil's son was created Earl of Exeter by James I., and the title was subsequently raised to that of Marquis.

Visitors to this splendid mansion, which is regarded as one of the "~~show places~~" of England, are still shown a picture of a former Lady Burleigh, said to be the likeness of the heroine of this little poem. She is said to have been the Marquis's second wife, and her maiden name is believed to have been Huggins.

NOTES.

1. *In her ear he whispers*, in simple poems the subject is often thus abruptly entered on without any explanatory introduction.

5. *in accents fainter*, in the low tone of a bashful maiden.

21 *from deep thought*. He is probably thinking how he can best undeceive her.

32 *she will . . . duly*. She promises herself that she will manage his house properly.

43. *armorial bearings*, ornamented with *stone shields* on which are carved the coat of arms of the Burleighs.

47. *gallant, gay*, spruce and fine.

49. *gentle murmur*, low tones of respectful deference.

51. *with footstep firmer*. He walks with greater pride and assurance, feeling he is now in his own domain.

57. *bounty, munificence*.

58. *fair and free*. No special significance need be attached to the word 'free.' 'Fair and free' is one of those double phrases; like 'house and home,' 'might and main,' of which the second word is a varied echo of the first.

63. as it were with shame, she blushes as deeply as if she were overcome with shame; the blush is really due to surprise and diffidence at the contrast between his birth and hers.

66. prove, become.

64. her spirit changed within, her happy hopes and confidence in her power to 'order all things duly,' gave way to doubt and depression of heart.

69. weakness, diffidence.

74. gentle mind lady. So gentle was her nature that she soon learned the duties belonging to her new position and became noble in manner and bearing as well as in rank

80. unto which she was not born, which was not hers by right of birth.

84. which. The use of the neuter 'which' in reference to a masculine antecedent is common in Shakespeare

88. before her time, before reaching the usual term of life.

100. that her spirit rest, in order that her spirit might, as they fancied, be at rest, seeing that her body was now clothed in the dress she had worn at the happy time of her wooing.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS noble ode was published on the day of the Duke's funeral, but has undergone considerable alteration since

The Duke died in the evening of November 14th, 1852, at Walmer Castle, his official residence as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. His remains were conveyed to Chelsea Hospital, where they lay in state for three days, and were visited by vast multitudes. The public funeral took place with the utmost pomp and magnificence of ceremony on November 18th, and was attended by the Prince Consort and all the chief officers of state. Enormous crowds, estimated at a million and a half of persons, watched the long procession pass along the line of route, a distance of three miles, to St Paul's Cathedral, and listened with respectful and sorrowful interest to the mournful notes of the bands as one after another they took up and poured out the "Dead March in Saul." The scene in the interior of St. Paul's was, if possible, still more grand and touching, where were gathered almost all that survived of his companions in arms, and where the rank, talent, and beauty of Great Britain joined in the solemn requiem with which the funeral service closed.

NOTES.

1. **The Great Duke.** For the last ten years of his life he was familiarly and universally designated "The Duke."

6. **warriors pall** Military officers were his pall-bearers ; & they held the black cloth that covered his coffin.

7. **sorrow hall**, & c. poor and rich alike are sad at his death.

9 **here** **roar**, here in St. Paul's Cathedral, which stands in the centre of the loud traffic of London. The modern structure, of which Sir Christopher Wren was the architect, occupied 35 years in building. The last stone was laid in 1710

18. **is low**, is laid low by death.

21 **no more street** Wellington was accustomed to acknowledge the respectful gaze and bow of passers-by with a *salaam* made by raising his right fore-finger to his hat.

23 **state oracle** Wellington had a seat in the Cabinet in 1818, was Prime Minister from October, 1828, to November, 1830, and was engaged in the service of the State up to his death. "The trust which the nation had in him as a counsellor was absolutely unlimited. It never entered into the mind of any one to suppose that the Duke of Wellington was actuated in any step he took, or advice he gave, by any feeling but a desire for the good of the State" (M'Carthy's *History of Our Own Times*, chap. xxiii.).

24. **blood, temperament, character**

26 **whole**, good, complete in himself, self-sufficient (in a good sense), and, at the same time, a blessing to all who came under his influence. Cf Horace, *Sat* ii 7 86 : *in se ipso totus*, 'whole in himself' (of the truly free man)

27 **the man**, etc. The Duke was one who possessed the greatest power to guide his fellow-men, and yet never used that power to further any ambitious aims.

29. **pretence, pretension, self-conceit**

32 **rich sense**, full of plain every-day wisdom, which is a great preservative against error.

34 **in sublime**. He possessed a grandeur arising from the very simplicity of his nature.

35 **O good knew**. An adaptation of Claudian's line on Stilicho—*Venerandus apex et cognita cunctis canities*, 'reverend head and white hair known to all'—which was quoted by Disraeli in his speech at the Duke's death. His hair was originally coal-black, it became white as silver before he died, but to the last there was no baldness.

36. **O voice drew**. He was so wise and far-seeing that men could forecast future events from his words.

37 **O iron . true.** He was so self-possessed that he never failed to utilise a fit opportunity. Wellington was known as the "Iron Duke."

38 **that tower blew.** Firm and unmoved, he confronted all difficulties and dangers, from whatever quarter they might come. Compare Milton, *P. L.* l. 589-591 (of Satan) :—

"He above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a tower."

Simonides speaks of a good man as *τετραγώνος*, four-square, i.e. perfect as a square. Palgrave (*Visions of England*) applies the epithet to Wellington. "O firm and four-square mind!"

41. **self-sacrifice,** because his life was spent for the good of others.

42. **world-victor,** the first Napoleon, who overran the greater part of Europe as well as part of Asia, viz. Syria, and of Africa, viz. Egypt, and so is here hyperbolically called conqueror of the world.

43. **all done,** his life's work is finished.

46 **the bell,** the Great Bell of St Paul's, tolled only at the death of members of the Royal Family, the Bishop, the Dean, and the Lord-Mayor. Hence its use at Wellington's death was a special honour

49 **cross of gold,** the gilded cross, surmounting the dome of St Paul's Cathedral, which shines over London and the Thames.

52. **among . bold,** among the other worthies, scholars and warriors, that are buried there. St Paul's contains monuments to Dr. Johnson, Sir W. Jones, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and Thomas Dundas

54 **a reverent people.** 'Reverent' is emphatic: 'let the people behold with reverence'

55 **the towering car.** Wellington's Funeral Car, which was drawn by six horses richly caparisoned, was constructed from the guns taken in the battles in which he was engaged. It is preserved as a monumental trophy in St Paul's Church, London

56. **bright fold** Referring to the names of Wellington's victories inscribed in gold letters on the car, draped with the funeral pall of black velvet.

62. **the volleying loss** Referring to the minute-guns fired at his funeral. *Volleying* indicates the sudden burst of sound. Cf. *Charge of the Light Brigade* :—

"Cannon to right of them . . . Volleyed and thundered."

63. **he knew .. old,** he had heard them before on the battle-

field. This line is almost Dantesque in its quiet concentrated force. The six words call up with startling effect before the mind's eye of the reader a vision, at once triumphal and pathetic, of the dead warrior's long roll of victories.

64. *in many a clime*, in India, Spain, Portugal, France, Belgium.

65. *his captain's ear* The possessive is here used in a descriptive sense, with an adjectival force. Cf. 'Your *knave's* pate' (Shaks.), 'her *angel's* face' (Spenser)

68. *realms and kings*. In 1810, Wellington drove the French out of Portugal, and in 1813, Ferdinand VII., who had been compelled by Napoleon to abdicate, was restored to the throne of Spain.

69. *taught*, 'chastised, corrected,' as Gideon (Bible, *Judges*, viii. 16) 'taught' the men of Succoth with thorns and briers

73. *in praise*. same. In 1830, in consequence of his opposition to Parliamentary reform, the Duke lost his popularity, was hooted in the streets, and even personally attacked

74. *a man frame*, a man of strong character, little affected by outward circumstances.

75. *O civic muse* song, may the poetry of his country never omit to celebrate such a name, but sing of it in undying verse. Wellington's place in the Temple of Fame is always to be kept free of access, so that due honour may be paid him

80. *who rest* These three lines are supposed to be uttered by Lord Nelson, beside whose remains the Duke was buried in the vault under the dome of St. Paul's. The following verses reply to Nelson's question.

83. *he was*, &c. he who was.

91. *his foes were thine* Nelson was the great opponent by sea of Napoleon and the French.

96. *he that fights* Wellington never lost a battle. His only decisive repulse during twenty years of active warfare was his unsuccessful siege of Burgos, Oct. 1812.

97. *nor ever gun*. He himself told Lord Ellesmere that "he didn't think he ever lost a gun in his life." Three were taken after the battle of Salamanca, but were recovered the next day. In the Pyrenees eight or nine had to be abandoned, but these also were recovered. He captured about 3,000.

99. *Assaye*, where Wellington defeated the Mahratta army, consisting of some 50,000 infantry, 30,000 cavalry, and 128 pieces of artillery, with a force not above a tenth of that number and with only 17 guns.

104. *the treble works*, the famous lines of Torres Vedras. The outermost of these lines, which were three in number, ran

NOTES.

from the sea by Torres Vedras to Alhandra on the Tagus, a distance of 29 miles. Thus the peninsula on which Lisbon stands was completely enclosed. Each of the three lines was protected by numerous forts and redoubts mounting nearly 400 guns. Wellington retreated to these lines on Oct 8, 1810, followed by the French general, Massena, who sought in vain for a vulnerable point. On March 1st, 1811, he retired, pursued by Wellington, who defeated him in two battles at Fuentes de Onoro.

109. the wasted vines, referring to the devastation of Spain and its vineyards by the French armies.

112. till o'er the hills, etc. On June 21st, 1813, Wellington won the great battle of Vittoria, which decided the fate of the Peninsula. Soult was soon after forced back in a series of engagements, and on the 7th October the left wing of Wellington's army crossed the Pyrenees, and drove him, after several days' hard fighting, to Bayonne. The eagle was the ensign of the Roman legion, and was adopted by the French regiments under the Empire; hence "her eagles flew" means "her troops fled." Cf. Scott, *The Bold Dragoon* (of Bonaparte) —

"The eagles that to fight he brings
Should serve his men with wings."

119 again kings, i.e. again the French armies, under Napoleon (after his escape from Elba), started up eager for conquest, filling all Europe with alarm and threatening once more her kingdoms with overthrow. *Wheeled* means propelled in circles, as eagles fly.

122. duty's iron crown. Duty is a stern master and her rewards are hard-won; hence her crown (sought by Wellington) is represented as of iron. Glory's crown (sought by Napoleon) would be of gold. Napoleon was crowned with *the Iron Crown* of Lombardy.

123. that loud Sabbath. The battle of Waterloo was fought on Sunday, June 18th, 1815. It was "loud" with the din of war.

124 a day away. Referring to the desperate charges of French cavalry, which were repulsed by the British infantry formed in squares. The squares are compared to rocks, the cavalry to waves that dash against them and fall back dissolved into foam. For "foamed themselves away," cf. *Æschylus, Agamemnon*, 1030, *ἐξαφρίσθαι μένος*, 'foams her fury away' (like a horse). It may be noted that Froude's *England's Forgotten Worthies*, a paper first published in the *Westminster Review* for July, 1852, contains this image. He describes the Spanish galleons in their attack upon the "Revenge" as "washing up like waves upon a rock, and falling foiled and shattered back."

147
co.

at .. blew. At 7 o'clock in the evening Bulow's Prussian
be up and attacked the right flank of the French.

120. bro' ray. "As they (the British and German regi-
ments) joyously sprang forward against the discomfited masses of
the French, the setting sun broke through the clouds and
glittered on the bayonets of the Allies, while they in turn poured
down into the valley" (Creasy's *Decisive Battles*).

132 long-enduring hearts Up to the close of the day the
British army had been mainly on the defensive, occupied in
resisting the French attack

133. world-earthquake. The battle had important results
upon the destinies of the world.

135 silver-coated. Alluding to the white chalk cliffs that
line its southern coast.

145 the proof fame. Cf. Gray's *Elegy*, "To read their
history in a nation's eyes"

151. a people, : e not a lawless mob given up either to anarchy
or tyranny.

152 tho' all powers Alluding to the then recent French
Revolution of 1848, which was followed by insurrections in
Austria and Italy, and by revolutions in Spain, Poland, and
Hungary, and, in 1851, by the *coup d'état* in Paris which placed
Napoleon III on the throne

159 brute control, : e the unreasoning force either of mobs or
tyrants On April 10th, 1848, a procession of the Chartists, to
the number of 20,000, alarmed London, but, owing to the precau-
tions taken by the Duke, the display ended without any breach
of the peace

160 the eye of Europe So Milton (*Par Reg* iv. 240) calls
Athens "the eye of Greece," : e its intellectual centre England
is the 'eye' and 'soul' of Europe in the sense that, being a free
country, with a free Press, in it the facts of contemporary history
are quickly, clearly and justly comprehended, and in it the
thoughts and feelings of Europe find their focus.

161 whole, : e not torn by faction and civil discord.

162. one true throne, : e the mutual kindness existing
between the English people and their long line of sovereigns
forms the only true beginning of freedom

165 our temperate kings, : e our Limited Monarchy.

168 drill, : e ye drill, ye train or discipline.

169. till just. See notes to lines 151, 152, 159

170. wink. overtrust, no longer shut your eyes to the danger,
and remain inactive through an excess of confidence that all will

be right. After this line, in the first edition, came the following five lines, subsequently omitted.—

“Perchance our greatness will increase;
Perchance a darkening future yields
Some reverse from worse to worse,
The blood of men in quiet fields,
And sprinkled on the sheaves of peace.”

In February, 1852, the bill for the organisation of the militia, which was prompted by fears of Napoleon III., was rejected by the Commons. Tennyson felt strongly on this point; witness his three stirring lyrics published in the *Examiner* early in the same year. These were, ‘Britons guard your own,’ ‘Third of February, 1852,’ ‘Hands all round.’

172 he bade coasts. In 1848 Wellington drew up a paper advocating the complete fortification of the Channel Islands, Seaford, Portsmouth, and Plymouth, the addition of 20,000 men to the regular army, and the raising of 150,000 militia, as a safeguard against invasion. Little or no results, however, followed this memorandum. For *sacred*, i.e. ‘inviolable, exempt from attack,’ cf. *To the Queen*, where her throne is said to be—

“Compassed by the inviolate sea.”

175. *lour*, frown, threaten. *Lour* (M. E. *louren*) is a better spelling than the commoner *lower*, since it distinguishes the word from *lower*, ‘to let down,’ with which it has no connexion.

178. *the man*, i.e. the kind of man he was.

179. *who never power*, who never betrayed the right for the sake of some immediate gain, nor sacrificed conscience to ambition.

181. *who let low*, who cared not what vulgar reports were circulated to his discredit either among the higher or the lower ranks of society.

183 *whose language life*. Certain of Wellington’s sayings, such as “A great country ought never to make little wars,” have passed into aphorisms.

185. *who foe*. Wellington never underrated the generals and soldiers of the French army. On one occasion he publicly congratulated General Dubreton on his gallant defence of Burgos (see note to l. 96).

186. *whose right*, i.e. his whole life, unambitious and self-sacrificing, is a standing condemnation of men like Napoleon.

189 *truth-lover duke*. “Few men,” writes his biographer, M. Brailmont, “have carried so far the horror of falsehood.” It is this quality that gives his despatches their unique historical value.

190 **whatever** **shamed**. This prediction has been strikingly verified. The publication of Wellington's despatches, including the later volumes (in 1865), has given us a minute insight into his character. All his secrets are before the world, and the result is more and more to raise him in our estimation.

194 **followed** **lands**, the representatives of all the great Powers of Europe, Austria alone excepted, were present at his funeral

195 **he, on whom**, etc. Titles, offices, and rewards were showered upon him from every quarter, at home and abroad; and to do him honour both the Crown and the Parliament exhausted their powers. On June 28, 1814, he appeared in his place in Parliament in his field-marshal's uniform, decorated with the Garter, when his various patents as baron, viscount, earl, marquis, and duke were read over. The Commons had previously voted him £500,000 for the support of his dignity as a peer

196. **stars**, **distinctions** The star is a honorific emblem, and is the ensign of knightly rank Cf. the "Star of India"

197. **fortune** **horn**. The Roman goddess, *Fortuna*, is represented as holding in her hand the *Cornucopiae* or horn of plenty, out of which she distributes her favours

201 **not once or twice**, i.e. but many times Cf. Gr. οὐχ ἄρα εὐδὲ δὴς, and Bible, 2 *Kings* vi. 10 "The king of Israel saved himself there not once nor twice" For the sentiment, cf. *Æneid*, ll 144-148

202 **was**, turned out in the end to be, though it was not expected to be (a Greek and Latin idiom. the Imperfect of sudden recognition)

206 **he shall find**, etc., he shall find that the performance of the hard tasks of duty will bring him delights far superior to those springing from a life of selfish ease

212. **on with toil**, etc., so Spenser (*F. Q.* iii. 3. 41) says that honour "will be found with peril and with pain" Compare also Milton's *Lycidas*, 72, and Beattie, *Minstrel*, i. 1 —

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb

The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?"

215 **shall find** **sun**. The man that ever strives to obey the voice of duty will attain the Divine favour and find himself raised to a region of spiritual joy and happiness. Cf. Wordsworth, *Ode to Duty* —

"Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear

The godhead's most benignant grace."

Also Bible, *Rev.* xxi. 23, "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it."

225 *whose . shame* Since by his defeat of Napoleon he rendered a French invasion of England impossible.

228 *when flame*, when cities are illuminated on festive occasions

229 *iron leader's* See note to l 37

232 *peace*, etc. Let us not now speak of his fame, that may be left to some poet of the future to celebrate.

235 *about whose* *clung* Wellington was very fond of children, and his little grandchildren were great favourites with him. There is a well-known picture by Landseer, painted in 1851,—Wellington surrounded by the Queen's children.

242 *more degree*, i.e. thoughts and feelings that rise above mere human things such as battles and triumphs

248 *brawling memories*, recollections of noisy, stirring events. *Free* means 'bold, flippancy.'

252 *the tides* *eternity*, the rich and solemn strains of music that seem to bear us away with them beyond the narrow limits of this world and its petty concerns

255 *until we doubt not*, etc. Cf M Arnold, *Rugby Chapel* (of his father) —

"That force
Surely has not been left vain'
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength "

259. *the Giant Ages*. Cf *Tithonus*, l 18, "thy strong hours," and note. Geology tells us of the changes wrought upon the earth's surface in the lapse of centuries. Cf *In Mem.* cxxiii —

"The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go "

267. *the dead march* The Dead March in *Saul* (a funeral march in Handel's oratorio, *Saul*) was taken up by the bands, one after another, in the funeral procession through the streets

269. *the mortal*, that part of him which was mortal, the coffined corpse.

270 *ashes* *dust*, quoted from the Church of England Service for the Burial of the Dead.

272. *nothing* *here*. He will carry with him into a future existence the vigour of mind and purpose to which he attained here on earth. Cf. ll. 255-8, and note.

THE REVENGE.

INTRODUCTION

THIS ballad was published in 1880. Sir Richard Grenville of Stow, in Cornwall, was one of those bold, adventurous spirits that the "spacious times" of Queen Elizabeth produced. In 1571, he represented Stow in Parliament; and in 1577, having been High Sheriff for Cornwall, he was knighted. In 1585, he commanded the seven ships that carried Sir W. Raleigh's first colony to Virginia, and on his return voyage captured a richly-laden Spanish ship. At the time of the Armada, he was commissioned by the Queen to guard Cornwall and Devon. In 1591, he was appointed vice-admiral of a squadron, fitted out for the purpose of intercepting a rich Spanish fleet from the West Indies. The enemy's convoy, however, surprised him at Flores and surrounded him in his single ship, the *Revenge*, the rest of the squadron having retired. The Spanish admiral's ship, with four others, began a close attack at three o'clock in the afternoon of September 10th. The engagement lasted till break of day next morning, during which the Spaniards, notwithstanding their vast superiority in ships and men, were driven off fifteen times. At length, the greater part of the English crew being either killed or wounded, and the ship reduced to a wreck, no hope of escape remained. Sir Richard had been wounded at the beginning of the action, but refused to leave the deck, till he was shot through the body. He was now taken to the cabin, and while he was in the act of having his wound dressed, the surgeon was killed by his side. The brave commander still determined to hold out, wishing to sink the ship rather than surrender, but the offers of quarter from the Spaniards induced the men to yield. Sir Richard was taken on board the Spanish ship and honourably treated, but soon after died of his wounds.

Among *Arber's Reprints* there are three accounts of the fight: one a "Report" by Sir W. Raleigh, published the same year, from which mainly Tennyson has drawn the materials of his ballad; another, a poem entitled "The most honourable Tragedie of Sir Richard Grunvile, Knight," by Gervase Markam, published in 1595, and a third, "The last fight of the *Revenge* at sea," by Jan Huggen van Linschoten, published in 1596. See also Froude's *Short Studies on Great Subjects* (Ed. 1882), vol. I, pp. 493-501, and Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* chap. xii. Bacon, in his *Considerations touching a Warre with Spaine* (1624), also gives a brief account of this famous fight. "At the time," writes Froude, "all England and all the world rang with the

story. It struck a deeper terror, though it was but the action of a single ship, into the hearts of the Spanish people; it dealt a more deadly blow upon their fame and moral strength than the Armada itself; and in the direct results which arose from it, it was scarcely less disastrous to them." With this ballad may be compared Campbell's *Battle of the Baltic* and Drayton's *Battle of Agincourt*.

NOTES

1 **Flores Azores.** *Flores* is a dissyllable and *Azores* a trissyllable, to be pronounced *Az-o-rës*; cf. Milton, *P. L.*, iv 592. The Azores are a group of islands in the Atlantic ocean, of which Flores is one.

lay, : e. at anchor.

2 **pinnace**, a large-sized boat belonging to a man-of-war; so called because made originally of *pine*-wood; Lat. *pinus*, a pine

3 This line represents the report made by the look-out boat To 'sight,' a common naval term, means to see an object *after watching for it*

4. 'fore God, before God; God is my witness that, etc.

5 out of gear, not properly equipped, unprepared for fighting
A doublet of *gear* is *garb*

6 **the half sick** Raleigh writes "And that which was most to our disadvantage, the one half of the men of everie shippe sick, and utterly unserviceable"

follow, : e do you follow me.

7 **ships of the line**, line-of-battle ships, men-of-war. They had, besides, six victualling ships and a bark. According to Bacon's account, the Spanish fleet numbered fifty-five vessels

11 **the coward**, which you swore you were not; hence *the*, not *a*, is used, *o*, 'the coward' may mean 'one having the character of a coward'. Cf. 'to play the man, to act the fool'

12. **Inquisition** The Spanish Inquisition was established in 1480, and fully organized by the Dominican Torquemada in 1483. It consisted of one central tribunal and four local tribunals. Down to 1809 it is said to have caused the burning at the stake of 31,912 people in Spain alone, while 291,450 "penitents" were imprisoned or tortured. *Devildoms* = devilish practices, cruelties.

14. **bore in hand**, carried by hand

17. **Bideford** Pronounce *Bid-e-ford*. Bideford, on the coast of North Devon, was, in Elizabethan times, one of the chief ports of England, and furnished seven ships to fight the Armada. "It was the men of Devon . to whom England owes her

commerce, her colonies, her very existence" (Kingsley's *Westward Ho!*).

18. **ballast.** Probably from Old Dutch *bal*, useless, bad, and *last*, load. Hence *ballast* is unprofitable load, load that is taken on board merely to steady the ship (Wedgwood) "On the ballast," in the hold of the ship, would be the safest place on board in prospect of a fight

21. **to the stake,** to be tortured by the thumbscrew or be burnt at the stake.

for the glory of the Lord. This is said ironically, with a bitter sneer at the Spaniards' notion that it was for the glory of God to torture and burn heretics

24 **sea-castles bow** The Spanish ships were gradually rising into view in the quarter from which the wind was blowing. The *sea-castles* are the Spanish galleons, or great galleys, with their lofty tiers of guns. Raleigh says: "The squadron of Sivil (Seville) were on his weather bow"

30. **let us Seville,** let us give these rascals from Seville a thrashing Seville is an important commercial city of Andalusia, on the Guadalquivir, the port from which the squadron was fitted out

31 **Don,** Spanish lord or gentlemen, put here for Spaniard generally See *Dream of Fair Women*, l 5, note.

33 **sheer foe,** right into the middle of the enemy's fleet. *Sheer* (Icel *skarr*, bright) means *clear*, *pure* Cf *clean* in 'clean gone,' etc.

40. **of tons,** i.e. she could carry 1500 tons—a very large ship for those days Gervase Markham speaks of her "mountain hugeness."

41. **with her guns** "The said 'Philip' carried three tier of ordnance on a side and eleven pieces in every tier" (Raleigh's account)

42 **took stayed** The huge "San (=Saint) Philip" was between them and the wind, and so prevented it from filling their sails, and they were thus brought to a standstill. Cf. Raleigh "The great 'San Philip' being in the wind of him, and coming towards him, becalmed his sailes in such sort, as the shippe could neither way nor feele the helme so huge and high carged was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundredth tons."

46. **galleons,** large galleys. *Galleon* is formed, with augmentative suffix *-on*, from Low Lat. *galea*, a galley Cf *ball-on*, *medall-on*.

48. **larboard,** the left side of the ship, now called 'port' The four galleons ranged themselves two on either side of the

"Revenge" Raleigh says "After the 'Revenge' was intangled with this 'Philip,' foure other boarded her; two on her larboord and two on her starboord."

50 anon content Presently the great "San Philip" began to have misgivings about herself and went off, having received a shot in her hull that made her feel ill at ease Raleigh says the "San Philip" "shifted herself with all diligence from her (the 'Revenge's') sides, utterly mishing her first entertainment" Gervase Markham uses the expression, "the womb of 'Philip.'"

53. musqueteers, soldiers armed with muskets. *Musket* was fancifully so called after a small hawk (as *big as a fly*, Lat. *musca*) of the same name. Cf *mosquito* Raleigh "The Spaniards deliberated to enter the 'Revenge,' and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed souldiers and Musketers, but were still repulsed againe and againe."

54 'em is not a contraction of *them*, but represents the M. E. *hem*, the old objective plur. of *he*.

58. ship after ship During the night fifteen Spanish ships attempted, one after another, to board the "Revenge" "As they were wounded and beaten off, so alwaies others came in their places" (Raleigh) Two were sunk, and the rest battered and beaten off with great slaughter One small English ship against fifty-five Spanish galleons; one hundred Englishmen against 15,000 Spaniards, Portuguese, and Dutch—it was our naval Thermopylae (so Froude, and Arber after him)

62. God of battles. Cf Bible, *Psalms* xxiv. 8, "The Lord mighty in battle;" also, 2 *Chron.* xxxii. 8; 1 *Sam.* xviii. 7

66. With a grisly, etc Raleigh says "He (Grenville) was never so wounded as that hee forsooke the upper decks, til an houre before midnight; and then being shot into the bodie with a Musket as he was a dressing, was againe shot into the head, and withall his chirurgeon (surgeon) wounded to death."

71. in a ring So Raleigh "The enemies, who were now all cast in a ring round about him" (i.e. Grenville)

73 they dared not, etc So Raleigh "All so ill approved their entertainment, as they were by the break of day, far more willing to hearken to a composition, then hastily to make any more assaults or entries."

sting, do them a mischief; like a half-crushed wasp which one is afraid to touch

76. seeing, since Forty. See note to l. 80

79. stark, 'stiff,' i.e. dead, connected with *stretch* and *strong*.

80. and the pikes, etc. So Raleigh: "All the powder of the

'Revenge' to the last barrell was now spent, all her pikes broken, fortie of her best men slaine, and the most part of the rest hurt."

81 and the masts, etc Cf. Raleigh: "The mastes all beaten over board, all her tackle cut a sunder;" and Froude. "The masts were lying over the side."

86 a day, etc, an *anacoluthon*. 'a day less or more (makes no difference)' Raleigh says that Grenville urged his men that "they should not now shorten the honour of their *nkȳn*, by prolonging their owne lives for a few houres, or a few daies." Cf. Scott, *Marmion*, ii 30.—

"And come he slow or come he fast,
It is but death who comes at last."

89 sink me *Me* is the 'dative of interest'—"sink the ship at my bidding." Cf. Raleigh: "(He) commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship."

90. fall God, let us fall into God's hands, let us die and so put ourselves at God's disposal Cf. David's words (Bible, 2 Sam xxiv. 14). "Let us fall now into the hand of the Lord, for his mercies are great and let me not fall into the hand of men" Raleigh says that Grenville exhorted his men "to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else."

96. the lion, i.e. the lion-hearted Sir Richard.

97. flagship, the ship that carries the admiral's flag, and in which he sails.

99. and they praised, etc Cf. Raleigh "The general used Sir Richard with all humanitie highly commending his valour and worthiness."

101. Queen and Faith, i.e. Queen Elizabeth and the Protestant religion. According to Linschoten, his words were "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, that hath fought for his country, queen, religion, and honour Whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier, that hath done his duty as he was bound to do."

102 I have, etc. Cf. Nelson's last words at Trafalgar, "Thank God I have done my duty"

104. he fell died So Linschoten; Raleigh says he died on the second or third day

106 holden (Old Eng *healden*), for modern *held*, was used from the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries It occurs eleven times in the Bible of 1611 Archaisms of this kind are appropriate to ballad poetry, narrating stories of the past. So we have had

swore (l. 4) for *swore*, *stark* (l. 79) for *stiff*. To "hold cheap" is to slight, despise.

107, *dared* her, challenged her. Note that *dared*, not *durst*, is the preterite of *dare* in this sense.

108. *devil or man?* Observe the omission of the articles, which add conciseness and emphasis to the expression. Linschoten says that the Spaniards declared Sir Richard "had a devilish faith and religion, and therefore the devils loved him," and raised the subsequent storm to revenge his death.

110 *with a swarthier alien crew*, i.e. with a crew of strangers, viz., Spaniards, who are of darker complexion than Englishmen.

111 *with her loss*, carrying with her her sorrow for the loss of her old English crew, whom she longed to have on board her again. By what Ruskin calls the "pathetic fallacy," human feelings of regret are poetically attributed to the ship.

112. *when a wind*, etc. Note, in this passage, how artistically the description gradually swells and gathers, as it were, like the storm it describes, till the climax of both is reached in l. 117, after which it dies away into a calm. In reading, the voice, beginning softly, should reach its height with that line, and then, after a pause, sink back into pathetic softness with the last two lines.

the lands they had ruin'd, the West Indies, which had been ravaged and plundered by the Spaniards. Raleigh says. "A storm from the west and north-west."

113 *the weather, the air, the wind*.

114 *or ever*. This *or* is the same word as *ere*, meaning 'before'. Probably *or ever* is lengthened from *or e'er*, which again came to be written for *or ere*, where *ere* repeats and explains the obsolete *or*. Cf. *as if*, where exactly the same thing has happened.

118 *by the island crags*. According to Raleigh, "The 'Revenge,' and in her 200 passengers, were cast away upon the isle of St Michaels." According to Linschoten, she "was cast away upon a cliff near to the island of Tercera." Both islands belong to the Azores group.

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